

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## MAROONED.

### CHAPTER VII.

BOTHWELL, CHIEF MATE.

I WAS awakened early by the scrubbing-brushes of the men overhead washing down the decks. The movement of the little ship was tolerably lively, insomuch that on quitting my bunk I had some difficulty for a few minutes in keeping my legs, nor was it hard to tell, by the dim humming noise that seemed to tremble through the fabric like the vibration in a harp-string after it has been twanged, that it was blowing a fresh breeze of wind. I was soon dressed, and on gaining the deck found the brig storming along with her royals furled and her trysail-boom well on the quarter. A high sea chased us, and but for the wind being abaft the beam we must have found no little spite in the weight of the sudden gusts and brisk squalls which distended our canvas until the sheets groaned again to the strain. The heavens were covered with large white clouds, which rolled along very stately and solemnly, with a brownish scud speeding under them like smoke; but there were everywhere great breaks of clear blue sky of the true summer tint of the English Channel. The sea was as grand as one could wish it with flying shadow and leaping dazzle—blue ridges with a mile-long head of foam, bits of rainbow in the showering of spray, weltering spaces of violet gloom cast by the clouds and the swift

glory that chased them. The brig was buzzing through it as if, to use the sailor's phrase, she had the scent at last. She rose to the head of a sea in a boiling smother, then sank all very solemnly with a leeward heel that seemed to bring the top-gallant rail within arm's-reach of the hissing yeast that went wildly swirling past, and out of which the rush of wind from under the foot of the mainsail would tear up bucketfuls of blobs and flakes, and send them scattering with a scream through the air with something of the pearly glint of the flying-fish in their flight.

My friend, Mr. Zana Gordon, had once again charge of the deck. Bucket in hand, with trousers turned above the knee, he swirled the sparkling green water that was handed to him along the deck, whilst the men scrubbed with their brushes. Recollecting that these were the fellows who were to be disciplined by a diet of bread and water into telling the captain which of them it was who had used the words that had enraged him, I ran my eye from one to another of them with a little attention, but observed nothing particular, unless it were a sort of sullenness in their deliberate manner of handling their scrubbing-brushes, which after all might have been a mere imagination on my part.

It was a lively enough scene in its way, and brought back old memories to me. The smoke of the newly-lighted

galley-fire blew swiftly and merrily from the chimney of the caboose into the sea, and you noticed the farm-yard noise about of the crowing of cocks and the grunting of pigs. There was but one vessel in sight, a large topsail schooner heading to cross under our stern for a course to some French port. The sea took her fair abeam, and she rolled so heavily that she looked like a great fan violently swayed by some Titanic hand hidden beneath the surface of the water. Well, it was just the sort of weather I had told Miss Grant yesterday that we needed. A short spell of it would drive us clear of soundings, and I knew it would make one feel as though the voyage was to have an end when one should find the course set fair by the binnacle compass for South America.

The boatswain saluted me with a flourish of a tarry thumb to his forehead, but he was too full of business to talk. After I had been on deck for about a quarter of an hour, by which time the scrubbing was over, and the seamen were smacking the planks with a swab or two, Broadwater came up through the companion-hatch, where he stood a while holding on, and blinking around him as though not yet wide awake. Then going to the wheel he brought his eyes in a squint upon the compass, and after a survey of the fabric aloft, and a slow gaze round the sea, he called out to me, "Good morning, sir. Tow rope's in hand at last, I allow. No hint of kedging in this here movement."

I inclined my head coldly and distantly to him, and then suspecting that any kind of sub-acid or chilly posture would be entirely lost upon such an intelligence as his, I resolved to deal with him in a way that should at least be intelligible.

"I wish to speak a word with you, Captain Broadwater," I called out.

He looked at me a moment as though he feared his dignity and importance would suffer by having to go to me, and then after a half glance

at the fellow at the wheel with a slow pulling down of his nose with his forefinger and thumb, a trick that seemed to help him to arrive at a conclusion, he came to where I stood, but very leisurely, appearing the while to think of nothing but the appearance of the deck, and the movements of the men swabbing.

"Well, Mr. Musgrave," he exclaimed, "what is it, sir? Slept pretty comfortable, I hope? Nothing the lady can find to complain about, I trust?"

"Sir," said I, "you were extremely rude and offensive to me last night. You are captain of this ship, and I am a passenger who has paid for certain rights—civility from you amongst the rest—which I intend to claim; and if you do not concede me every tittle of what I have parted with my money to obtain, I will make it so hot for you on my return to England that you shall wish yourself hanged ere you ever set eyes on me. And now, sir," I continued, with the sternest face I could contrive to put on, though my gravity was not a little staggered by the ludicrous expression of bewilderment that overspread his singular countenance, "I insist upon your apologizing to me at once, Captain Guy Broadwater, for the insolent manner in which you addressed me last night."

He cast his little eyes from the deck to the sky and back again, frowned, scratched his head, and by other signs seemed to wish me to suppose that he was in an agony of thought. Then, with an inimitable air of being all abroad, he pointed with his forefinger to his waistcoat, and said, "Me! *me* insult you! You're a-dreaming, Mr. Musgrave."

"No dream at all, sir," said I; "you were confoundedly insolent to me, and ruder even in your manner than in your speech, and I demand an apology."

Again he looked up at the sky and down at the deck, as though the effort to recollect what had passed caused him acute suffering.

"What did I say?" he suddenly asked.

I told him.

"Well, Mr. Musgrave," said he, "you're a gentleman, and I should be sorry for to swear that I never spoke them words, seeing that you tell me I *did*. But I can assure you, sir, on my honour as master of this here Iron Crown, that I have no recollection of using the term you mention. If I did, why then I 'pologize, and no man can do more."

On hearing this I bowed coldly and walked aft, congratulating myself upon my resolution, for I believed I had made him understand he would have to be very cautious henceforth in his dealings with me, and I had also got to see that the man, like all other bullies, was very white-livered at bottom. There was indeed danger that a person of this nature would extend something of the treatment he exhibited to his crew to Miss Grant and me; and unless I asserted myself promptly it might end, through a natural aversion on my part from any kind of worry or annoyance, to my insensibly submitting to his rough usage, which of course he would accentuate in proportion as I yielded, until my life on board might become as uneasy as if I had been one of the crew. This is a feature of a voyage absolutely impossible in these days, but in my time it was a condition (in small passenger vessels, of course) as familiar as the coarseness of the food and the gloom and discomforts of the cabin.

I kept my back on the quarter-deck for a little, whilst I stood watching the sparkling race of froth hurling from under the shadow of our counter to the creamy summit of the green surge chasing us, during which I could hear the old fellow calling to the seamen in such a tone as few men would think fit to adopt towards a dog. If it was convenient to him to forget his insulting manner to me, it was plain that whatever else he chose to remember was very present to his mind. For how long a period the men

who formed the starboard watch would consent to the discipline of bread and water it was hard to conjecture; though indeed the sailor of that period could scarcely suffer a very severe hardship in the deprivation of lumps of meat out of which, whether raw or cooked, the mariner beguiled the tedium of the voyage by manufacturing snuff-boxes for his grandfather, work-boxes for his sweetheart, and tobacco-boxes for himself.

Miss Grant did not leave her cabin till breakfast was upon the table. Broadwater, who was seated when she arrived, got up and distorted his figure with a bow, whilst he asked her, with much such a pleasant face as he wore when I first made his acquaintance, what sort of a night she had passed, and if the brig's tumblefication troubled her much. This stroke of politeness was meant as much for me as for her. After the exchange of a few common-places about the weather and so forth, Miss Grant said to the captain, "Were they not able to save the poor fellow who fell overboard last night?"

"No, mum," he answered, with a half look from me to a lump of sausage which he held aloft on a fork; "the long and short of it's this. The man was in the water some minutes afore the alarm was given. The surface lay clear under the moon, and had he been showing there was enough of us looking for some one to see him. He meant to drown himself, and he *did* it."

"But apart from the chance," said I, "of rescuing him as a mere matter of humanity, would not his loss, by weakening your working-strength, make you anxious to be sure that he was not to be recovered?"

"There was no signs of him, sir," he answered doggedly. "I don't want to lose no men if I can help it; but if a chap chooses to slip overboard so quietly that no one hears him touch the water, what's to be done?"

"But you didn't know when you first came on deck that he *had* drowned himself," said I.

"No," he answered, "but didn't I

act as if I did? which means that I'm one of those men who don't need to know a thing to understand it."

I turned to Miss Grant, and related the strange story of the preceding night, whilst Broadwater worked away at his breakfast with both hands, and masticated with such energy as to apparently hold him deaf.

"Strange," she exclaimed, "that you should have thought you heard the voice that called him. Of course it was fancy, but it is dreadful to think how even a little imagination may overpower the reason."

"There was everything to help the imagination," said I: "the silence upon the vessel and upon the ocean—the wild, straining look in the man's eyes with the sparkle of moonlight in them as he turned them upon me, full, as I can now see, with the anguish of madness—and then the misty silvery distance towards which he bent his ear with his hand to it. I believe had he told me there was a phantom out there, and pointed to it, I should have seen *something*, if not the apparition he himself beheld."

Presently, after a prodigious meal, Broadwater arose and left the cabin.

"Why did not he attempt to save the man?" Miss Grant said.

"I believe the fellow when he first came on deck was still muddled with the fumes of the liquor he had swallowed, and barely understood what had happened or knew what he was about." And then I told her how he had insulted me, and how a little while before I had obliged him to apologize. My mere telling her this thing touched the spirit in her. The look of her as she listened to me made you feel that here was a woman to fill any man who should vex her with the feelings of a dog. Before we quitted the table, the mate arrived to get his breakfast. He bowed to us quietly as before, seated himself without speaking, and fell to his meal with great soberness and civility of demeanour. It seemed hard to reconcile his subdued bearing, which

seemed by its air to be habitual to him, with his fierce and passionate treatment of the men, and particularly his desperate and raging behaviour of the previous night. Now that the captain was away I hoped to be able to draw him into conversation, and began by saying that if this breeze lasted we might look for a run of two hundred and fifty knots in the twenty-four hours.

"Quite that, sir," he answered.

"That was a sorry business last night, Mr. Bothwell. If the men forward are superstitious, they will not like it."

"They won't like their company being weakened you mean, sir?" lifting his gaze from his plate and eying me steadily for a moment.

I thought to myself, as I glanced at his woolly head, his handsome features and dark eyes, which when they fell from my face rolled in a hundred nimble glances, fastening upon nothing, and yet seeing everything as you would say, "Lord, what a corsair this rogue would make in the hands of a Byron or a Michael Scott!"

"No," said I; "I mean they won't like Captain Death boarding their craft almost before the anchor they have broken out has dried at the cat-head."

His swift glance darted from me to Miss Grant, and then with a smile that exhibited a set of fine, even, white teeth, the whiter for his dark moustache, he said, in an almost effeminate way, "Oh, sir, we must not trouble ourselves about what the sailors forward think."

"Why not?" asked Miss Grant quickly. "Are they not men like you and Captain Broadwater? You would be unable to sail this ship without them. A master on land dare not treat his men-servants as captains at sea treat their crews."

He answered softly, "No, madam, because no doubt men-servants would give notice and seek another situation."

"Do you believe it, sir?" she ex-



claimed, flushing and gazing at him irefully ; "indeed you would find they would not rest there—" She checked herself, and added laughingly, and looking at me, "I have not a very high opinion, Mr. Musgrave, of the spirit and courage of lackeys and footmen, but I truly believe that if they were treated by their masters as sailors are by their commanders there would be a great many mysterious disappearances happening amongst the nobility and gentry."

"I am always glad, madam," said the mate, showing his teeth again, "to hear the ladies championing poor Jack. He has very few friends, very few friends."

He shook his head without any suggestion of sarcasm about him, and the gesture seemed to me to make his eyes shine as if they had been formed of some black liquid with a gleam upon it that danced to the rippling of their movement.

"How long have you been at sea?" I asked bluntly.

"Ten years, sir."

"Humph!" I exclaimed, "a good deal of hard weather and knocking about may be packed into ten years. Apparently you are of Captain Broadwater's mind, that the sailor moves forward the better for being kicked."

He made no answer.

"I have heard," said I, addressing Miss Grant, "of captains whose hatred of the sailors serving under them was really phenomenal. I remember being told of the commander of a ship that he could never bring himself to offer one of his seamen anything with his hand, but that he would put it down upon the deck and *kick* it at him. By the way," I continued, turning upon the mate again, "what'll be the upshot of this trouble with the starboard watch? The men are not likely to peach upon their messmate, and if the man who used the words won't confess himself, what's to follow? The fellows will not surely put up for a whole voyage with nothing to eat and drink but ship's bread—bad enough, I dare

say—and a draught from the scuttlebutt?"

Before he could reply, Miss Grant said quickly, "To what do you refer, Mr. Musgrave?"

"Why," I answered, "last night on the captain refusing to send a boat on the chance of picking up the man who had gone overboard, one of the group of fellows who were at the davits exclaimed, 'It's murder!' and the whole of the watch are not to be allowed any other provisions but biscuit until the man who used the words is discovered."

"He is discovered," said the mate almost blandly.

"Oh, indeed!" I exclaimed, "how, pray?"

"He came to me about twenty minutes ago, and said that as he did not choose his messmates should suffer for what he had done, he would own he was the man who cried out, 'It's murder!'"

"He should be pardoned for his honesty," exclaimed Miss Grant. "I hope the captain will let the matter rest. I will ask him to forgive the poor fellow."

The mate softly wiped his moustache, rose, bowed, and went on deck.

"One should say," said I, "that there are the seeds of a startling romance in that chap; but I fear that it is nothing but the vilest sea-going commonplace made a little odd by good looks and Hottentot wool."

"I agree with you," she answered; "he is even more colourless than his captain; yet prosaic as they both are, they are equal to creating a very great deal of trouble; and do you know, Mr. Musgrave," she said, suddenly and even vehemently, "I am extremely sorry that we ever took berths in this ship."

"Oh, but it is a little early to be anxious," said I cheerfully. "I quite know what is in your mind: you fear that the behaviour of Broadwater and his mate may lead to the crew giving trouble. Well, the same misgiving is my reason for speaking out so plainly

to both men. If they are made to understand that I am watching them and observing their conduct, they may have sense enough to restrain themselves, for the reason that I should be at hand as a witness to testify to their inhumanity, and to justify any act of insubordination that the sailors might be driven to."

She was silent for a little, and then said, "Whereabouts is the ship now, Mr. Musgrave?"

"I suppose we are hardly abreast of the Isle of Wight yet," I answered.

She reflected again, and then clasping her hands and bringing them to her lips, and looking at me with a sort of wistfulness, though she spoke with hesitation, she said, "I almost—I *almost* wish that the captain would put us ashore."

This was a desire to puzzle me considerably. I answered, "Of course, Miss Grant, if you are reluctant to proceed I will unhesitatingly ask the captain to put us ashore; but I should not like him to refuse, and unhappily there is no doubt that he will refuse, because of course he would conclude that we should return to London and lodge a complaint against him, and so lose him his berth. Now, if he should decline to put us ashore my position would be an awkward one. He need do nothing but keep the ship heading steadily on her course, and we are helpless."

She interrupted me: "And the passage money would be forfeited. No, I am silly to wish such a thing. I was all eagerness and impatience yesterday. It is just a little passing misgiving." I was about to speak. "No," she exclaimed with energy, "we are here and will remain here."

"Be it so," said I, not a little relieved, for I foresaw a very great deal more of trouble than I had the least disposition to undergo, even to oblige her, had she insisted on my asking old Broadwater to haul his brig in to the land, and set us and our baggage once more on *terra firma*.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HALF-BLOOD'S PUNISHMENT.

MISS GRANT went to her cabin and I on deck, where I observed Broadwater and the mate marching the length of the quarter-deck and busy in conversation. There was a mid-dling high sea running, which, had it been on the bow instead of on the quarter, would have rendered the motion of the brig extremely uncomfortable. As it was, it swung the vessel with an almost rhythmic steadiness as it underran her. It was first a long upward heave to the foaming liquid brow, then a gradual lean over to the full weight of the wind till the lee-channels roared in the smother of spume over the side, and then a steady slide down into the speckled, froth-laced trough, with a recovery of the hull that started us with a level keel for the next buoyant climb. Not above a cannon-shot to windward was a large frigate, close-hauled under double-reefed topsails and reefed foresail. She showed no colours, but to a nautical eye a single glance sufficed to prove her English. She was plunging heavily, and would lift her head out of the boiling white about her bows until eight or ten feet of the keel at her forefoot showed clear, with a dull yellow glancing from the metal sheathing that looked like a mirroring of pale light on the wet, black, gleaming sides of the beautifully moulded hull. As she rolled she gave us a view of a portion of her weather-deck, with a hint of black artillery in certain covered, muzzled shapes, crouching under the defences of her bulwarks crowned with the white line of hammocks. The movement of a spot of red here and there marked the mechanical pacing of a marine. I never remember a nobler sea-show than was offered by this fine frigate, with her broad white line broken by the closed gun-ports, the superb set of her reefed canvas, the airy grace of her rigging ruling the piebald hurrying sky with dark

lines of shrouds, thinning as they soared, till they rose delicate as the fibres of a spider's web to the glimmering button of the truck at the royal-mast-head, whence streamed the long pennon straight out upon the wind, like a streak of light up there; whilst over the weather-bow there was the sharp and frequent flash of a green sheet of water that broke into smoke as it flew, or a sudden lifting above the bulwark-rail of a column of froth, which the blow of the bow would send arching back till 'twas a sheer huddle of dazzling yeast under the radiant figurehead, that, with some hero's wreath in its hand, plunged to the giddy whiteness only to soar triumphant a moment after.

It was old Broadwater's duty to hoist and dip the ensign to her. This is a civility I should be very punctual in exacting if I were commander of a British man-of-war. The skipper however, rolling along on his bow-legs by the side of the mate, did not look as if he even knew there was anything in sight. He never threw so much as a glance in her direction, though I could see some men at work on the fore-rigging watching her with an admiration that rendered them, for the time being, insensible to the presence of the skipper and his companion.

There was one of a dozen coils of rope hanging over a belaying-pin swinging to the heave of the hull. I went and sat myself in it, for the shelter of the bulwark there from the gusty blasts which were splitting upon the rigging full of whistlings and cryings; and there swayed, cradle-like, by the hanging fakes, I leisurely loaded my pipe, and fell to chipping, in the old-world style of that age, at a flint for a light. Whilst thus occupied, my eye was taken by the figure of a man standing at the foot of the foremast. I was thinking of other matters at the moment, and yet I can recollect wondering, as my gaze went from him after a brief glance, that any man belonging to either watch should

have the courage to stand idle on deck whilst the rest of the people were at work, when both the captain and the chief mate were pacing within eyeshot of him. Presently glancing his way again, I noticed that he still remained in the same posture, that is to say, with his back against the mast and his face looking a little forward of the fore-rigging, his arms folded upon his breast, and his legs together with the feet turned out, like a soldier in a sentry-box. The mast was painted white, and hence it was, I suppose, that I did not immediately observe that the man was bound to it by turn upon turn of rope, starting from his arm-pits and terminating a little below his knees. I know not what there was in the sight to startle me, but I believe had a seamen fallen from aloft at my feet, and there lay bleeding and broken, the thing would not have shocked me more than the spectacle of yonder sailor secured to the mast as though he were some dangerous maniac, and rendered motionless by the ligatures, saving that he could use his head and had the freedom of his arms.

I had not been long enough on board to be able to distinguish the crew, but this man I seemed to remember. To make sure, I got out of the coil of rope and went a few paces forward, and recognized in the fellow bound to the mast the half-blood who had been one of the boat's crew that rowed us aboard from Deal. If his face had struck me then you will suppose that it impressed me very strongly now. Whether owing to the strangulation of the rope about him, or to the thoughts in him, his complexion, that I had observed to be of a clear olive, had changed to an indescribably ugly colour, which I can only speak of as an ashen green. It reminded me of the hue I once saw in the face of a dead sailor whose cheeks had been burnt to an almost chocolate tint by exposure in an open boat in the Indian Ocean. He turned his dark eyes upon me with a savage glare in

them of mutiny, malice, hatred, and so full of defiance withal, that but for the evil passions his countenance expressed you might have accepted his air as one of bitter and contemptuous pride. It was intolerable that he should think I had inspected him out of mere curiosity, which I saw from his manner he supposed; and since he would be too wild in his mind to interpret the sympathy which I am sure must have been visible in me—for, as I say, the sight of the poor bound fellow inexpressibly shocked and grieved me—I turned my back on him and walked right aft.

Broadwater left the mate and came up to me.

"That's true old North Country style, sir," he exclaimed, "to sit in the bight of the rigging over the pin under the lee of the bulwarks. I've been hove to in the North Sea, and sat for hours along with the rest of my mates, just as you've been a-sitting, waiting for what was to happen next."

"It is hard to find a corner to smoke in," said I, "on board a flush-decked vessel. Where there's a poop or a round-house, a man may discover a nook clear of the gale, and manage to keep the cinders in his bowl till the fire's all gone. Did you ever serve aboard a Dutchman, captain?"

"No, by thunder!" he answered; "what's put such a question as that into your head, sir?"

"Why," I said, "I notice that you have got one of your hands forward there seized to the foremast. The Dutch used to serve their rogues so—sometimes however going a little further than you, for to make sure of the fellow they'd pin him through the hand with a knife."

"You're keeping a bright look-out aboard this vessel, sir," he exclaimed, shooting an odd look at me out of his little eyes.

"My good fellow," I cried, "I should be blind not to see such a sight as that. What has he done? Murdered a shipmate?"

"Almost wish he had," he growled, "for that 'ud bring about the sort of treatment he wants. He's the man who spoke them words last night."

"Ha!" I exclaimed, "and for that you are dosing him with a spell of fresh air that he may go to his dinner with a good appetite?"

He left me under pretence of looking into the compass. I will not say that he was afraid of me, but I am quite sure that if it had not been for my talk with him in the morning, for the manner I then put on, and which I still wore, he would have dealt with me scarce less roughly and insolently than had I been one of his seamen. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, looking away towards the horizon, below which and out of sight lay the line of the English coast, and felt myself urged by a very strong impulse to request him to head for the nearest port, and to put Miss Grant and myself ashore, as his behaviour to his men, though we were not yet twenty-four hours from Deal, had rendered us extremely uneasy, inasmuch that we were resolved not to pursue the voyage in his ship. But I was again checked by the considerations which had occurred to me whilst talking on the subject with Miss Grant. He might refuse to comply, lose all control over himself in the notion that my intention was to ruin him, and so affront me that I should be at a loss how to act. I quite perceived that, unless I could be sure he would put us ashore, I should be acting unwisely in asking him to do so, for, if he persisted in sailing away with us, then whilst we remained on board his ship we should have to submit to any sort of usage he chose to give us. I stamped my foot on the deck with vexation and worry, and could have cursed the hour in which I had ever set eyes on the Iron Crown.

I had hoped when Miss Grant came on deck that the figure of the fellow bound to the mast would escape her attention, and was scheming to place her chair close against the wheel on

the port side where the man would be hidden from her; but the instant she came out of the companion and looked forward she started violently, and exclaimed:

"Why have they bound him? What has he done to deserve such a punishment as that?"

"He is the man," I answered, "who cried out last night, 'It's murder!' when the captain ordered the boat to be kept fast."

"And they have tied him to the mast merely for uttering those words?"

"Ay! It's a bitter burning shame; the indignity of this sort of punishment is the worst part of it."

"I shall ask Captain Broadwater to release him," she exclaimed, with the indignation in her surging up hot to her face and flashing in her eyes. "I shall tell him that the sight pains and disgusts me, and that he has no right to oblige his passengers to witness such painful and miserable spectacles."

Before I could check her she swept up to old Broadwater, and towering over him with such an air as Siddons would have worn in her tragedy parts, her face flushed, her eyes on fire, her head thrown backwards, she levelled her white forefinger at the half-blood, gazing meanwhile full into the crimson expanse of the skipper's countenance, and exclaimed, "What has that man done to merit the sufferings of mind and body he must be enduring there?"

The captain was a broad and muscular man, but short; and her erect, swelling, impassioned figure made him look like a boy by her side as he stared up at her. Her sudden dramatic accost took him completely by surprise. His countenance wore a ludicrous expression of bewilderment. He half turned towards the mate, as if to invoke his assistance, and then exclaimed in a hoarse stutter, "Why, mum, that there man—he's about the impudentest son of a swab—the long and short o't is, he as good as called me a murderer last night. Had he been a man-o'-war's man he'd have

been spread-eagled to the toon of twelve dozens for saying much less than that!"

I joined Miss Grant and offered her my arm; for though no woman ever stepped a heaving deck more easily and gracefully than she, yet the slope now was sometimes so sharp as even to make Broadwater lurch, and I was afraid of her carrying away, to use the sea term, as she was quite forgetful, as I could see, in the temper and mood that then possessed her, of the tumbling of the platform on which she stood.

"The words," she exclaimed, "were no doubt forced from the man by a sudden impulse. Why did you hear them? You would not punish a man for *thinking*."

"Yes I would, if I knew it," answered Broadwater, plucking up a bit, and yet looking uneasy too.

"You must release him, sir," she exclaimed; "it is a sight that makes the whole ship painful and distressing to me."

"You cannot refuse the lady's request, captain," said I.

"But I can, though," he blustered; "why, smother my precious eyes and bile every blooming limb that I own! who's cap'n of this here craft? Release him! Certainly not. If the sight's too painful to view, the lady needn't look. An' what's there painful about it? Why, some men would have chucked him into the forepeak, smothered him up down there in the blackness, with nothen but rats to keep him company, 'stead of benevolently sarving him as I do by suffering him to stop up in the fresh air for his shipmates to look at and meditate on. Mr. Musgrave," he suddenly exclaimed, in a bullying, angry voice, "I'll thank you to tell the lady that I'm the commander of this here vessel, and of everything that consarns her and her navigation; and I shall feel obliged, sir, by your recollecting of that fact yourself, sir, for it'll spare ye the trouble of cross-examining my chief-mate here, sir, as if you was a had-



miralty judge. No, by thunder! my name's Broadwater—Guy Broadwater—and I'm master of this vessel, and them there men forrard are my crew, and I'll thank you and the lady not to meddle with my consarns, but to be satisfied so long as I perform the part expected of me, which is, to carry you and this here cargo to Rio!" and feigning to be in a mighty temper he bowled away to the taffrail, and then came back again breathing hard and looking swiftly up and around him, with a fine air of injury, resentment, and righteous indignation, not ill-managed on his part, though—like the ghost of a squall—it was to be seen through.

There was no affectation in Miss Grant's pity and disgust. She lingered a little while on deck, and then went below to her cabin, declaring that she could not bear to see the man standing helpless and motionless, as if he were dead, suffering grievously as she feared from his posture, which rested the whole weight of him upon his naked feet, and from the many coils of rope which girt him so tautly and plentifully to the spar, that the mere sight of them made one draw one's breath with difficulty out of sheer sympathy with their suggestion of strangulation. The men at work in the rigging and about the decks did not give him the least heed that I could discover. I noticed one or two of them glance aft when Miss Grant spoke to the captain and pointed forward, but in a sulky, incurious way, as though what was passing had no interest whatever for them. This behaviour might have been due to the presence of the mate, whose rapid glances seemed to dart all over the brig in a breath, and who, as I had already observed, never suffered a man to halt for an instant in any job he was upon. No doubt his almost preternatural quickness in detecting the least hint of laziness or languor was already as well known to the men as if the vessel had been on the high seas a couple of months. Yet Miss Grant's speaking to the captain

about the pinioned half-blood was in its way an incident so far removed from all ordinary shipboard occurrences that the sullen inattention of the men to it impressed me greatly. If heavy troubles do not befall this ship ere long, thought I, it will not be because the spirit of mischief is wanting amongst her crew; and I sent a gloomy glance seawards in the direction where old England lay, feeling that I would not only gladly forfeit the passage-money I had paid, but ten times that amount over again, to find myself and Miss Grant once more safe and snug in London.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE HALF-BLOOD IS RELEASED.

HOWEVER, since we were to be locked up with old Broadwater for a spell of weeks that might run into months, our policy was to put the best face we could upon our condition. But Miss Grant was not to be induced to return on deck whilst the man continued lashed to the foremast. I pointed out that he was not suffering as she fancied, that at all events he had not yet been pinioned long enough to be in pain, and I also begged her to remember that a posture and exposure which might strike her as a severe punishment would sit lightly upon a sailor, whose vocation is supposed to harden him into the most extraordinary capacity of endurance. But it would not do. She refused to quit the cabin until the man had been released, and so she remained below the whole day. Indeed I had some trouble to persuade her to dine at the table with the captain, though her good sense helped her in this at last; but throughout the meal she could scarcely bear to glance at him, scarcely endure to listen to him.

On his side he behaved as if he were willing to let bygones be bygones, as if indeed after careful consideration he was on the whole willing to overlook the past. His dinner put him into a good humour. It consisted



amongst other things of a large round of corned beef; and when the cabin-boy came staggering with it into the cabin, old Broadwater seemed so much impressed by the beauty of the joint that he lay back upon the locker, with a carving knife and fork sticking up out of his great fists, which he rested upon the table, and in this attitude remained motionless for some moments, as though his transport would not suffer him to move or speak. However, he probably judged by our faces that we were in no temper to listen to his eulogies of the joint. He carved with a countenance of rapture, and with an air of concern, too, as though the cutting up of such a dish as that was a business not to be lightly and irreverently approached.

It was necessary to talk to the man, so I said, "If this breeze holds I suppose we shall soon be swept out of soundings?"

"Yes," he answered, pouring out a caulker of rum, and holding up the glass to the skylight to see how much it held. "We shall be having the Lizard over our stern this time tomorrow, sir, if we keep all on as we are."

"Upon my word," said I, speaking somewhat heedlessly, out of the mere fulness of my thoughts just then, "so much has happened since the anchor was lifted off Deal that it seems as if we had been a week on the road already."

"What's happened?" he asked quickly. "It's all been plain sailing, hasn't it? There's been nothen that you as a passenger have had cause to grumble about!"

"The time seems long, anyhow," I responded curtly.

"It'll have to be longer yet afore it's ended," said he, turning his little eyes upon Miss Grant.

She had hitherto kept silent, scarce glancing at him: now she suddenly exclaimed, with a flash of her dark eyes full into his ruddy face, "When do you intend to release the unfortunate man you have fastened to the mast?"

He took a long pull at his glass of rum and water before answering her, and then said, "Not until I think the weather's had time to purge him."

"Is he to be kept there all day?" she continued.

"Ay, mum, and all night, too. Billy," addressing the cabin-boy, "jump with this here beef, my lad! away with it! if ye drop so much as a toothful of grease, stand by! and mind that the pudden's covered up as ye bring it along, and keep to leeward with it, d'ye hear? for there's a showering of spray to wind'ard now and again, and if you salt the pudden I'll salt *you*! The fact is, mum," he continued, addressing Miss Grant afresh, "there's no use in half-measures with sailors. We've got a crew aboard as wants riding down, and the man as needs it most is the yaller rogue you're a-pitying. Were the fellow an Englishman I don't know that I shouldn't consider a twelve hours' spell at the foot of the foremast as much as he deserves; but he's a half-and-half, and my experience is, the blacker the blood that runs in a man's veins the longer's the tarm of teaching he stands in need of."

"Is he to be kept without food?" she exclaimed.

"He is, mum," he answered cheerfully.

On this she rose and left the table without another word.

"What makes the lady so terribly sensitive to sailors' feelings?" exclaimed Broadwater, with as much puzzlement on him as his countenance could express. "I see she ain't married. Has she a sweetheart at sea? Unless maybe you——?" He shut one eye, and looked at me with the other.

"Never concern yourself about her or me either," said I. "Keep your mind clear, my friend, for you'll be wanting plenty of space presently for the thoughts your crew'll fill you with."

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed coarsely and angrily.

"I mean this," I replied quietly, though my feelings were hot enough, "if you do not shift your course and head on another tack with your fore-castle, there'll be a mutiny aboard before we're a week older."

At this his little mouth rounded into a complete circle, the blood came into his face, down dropped the slab of pudding he was in the act of raising to his lips. "Mutiny!" he cried. "Mutiny aboard *me*! Mutiny afore another week's out! Why—why—why," he stammered, "what have ye been hearing of to put such fancies into your head?"

"I judge by my eyes, not by my ears," I replied, still coldly and very quietly, "though I don't doubt that a few minutes of listening at the fore-scuttle would convince me even more fully than my sight."

Just then the mate arrived, having been relieved by the boatswain that he might get his dinner.

"Mr. Bothwell! Mr. Bothwell?" cried Broadwater, whose face was of a dark crimson, "what d'ye think Mr. Musgrave here's been a-threatening? Why—why—why, that there 'll be a mutiny aboard *me* afore another week's out."

"Indeed!" answered the mate blandly, but nevertheless exhibiting his teeth in a smile that made his handsome face mighty malevolent while the grin lasted; "I hope not. On what does Mr. Musgrave found his fears, sir?"

"On the captain's and your usage of the men," said I, resenting the sarcastic air of the fellow.

"But what have Captain Broadwater and I done, sir, to justify this terrible apprehension on your part?"

"I want you to understand, Captain Broadwater," said I, not choosing to heed the mate's question, "that you and you alone are responsible for Miss Grant's and my safety. I now warn you that that safety is being seriously imperilled by your treatment of the crew of this brig. Indeed," I continued, suffering my temper to get

the better of me, "already the outlook of this voyage fills me with so much uneasiness that since we are still in the English Channel, and—with this wind—within a few hour's run of a port, Miss Grant and I are willing and desirous that you should set us ashore; the conditions being, of course, that we forfeit our passage-money."

Now I had fully believed that on my saying this he would have fallen into a violent passion, raged at and insulted me, defied me to compel him to head the ship for the coast, and so on. Instead, to my very great surprise, the blood faded out of his face; pale indeed he could not become, but the disorder of his mind manifested itself in a complexion that would answer to pallor in another man's countenance. He pushed his plate from him as though his appetite were gone for ever, and in a wonderfully subdued, changed voice, exclaimed, "Mr. Musgrave, sir, I beg that you'll banish that wish from your mind, sir. To set ye ashore would be my ruination. There's nothing in the world, that I can see, that need make ye uncomfortable. The cabins are roomy, the living up to the hammer, there's ne'er a stouter vessel afloat than the *Iron Crown*; and, though it's me as says so, there's no man living that Capt'n Guy Broadwater 'll yield to in the knowledge of navigating and handling a ship under all circumstances of wind and weather. There's nothen either in the behaviour of the crew, or in my treatment of 'em, to breed uneasiness. Indeed," he continued, speaking most abjectedly, "if the lady's really so consarned by the sight of that there Ernest Charles at the foremast, why, then, to please her I'll lubberate him in the second dog-watch, 'stead of keeping him there all night, as was my intention."

The mate ate his dinner with a wooden face.

"You can do as you please, Captain Broadwater," said I, rising. "I have not the slightest intention to meddle

with your notions of discipline. I simply desire to point out to you that your treatment of the crew is such as to render the prospects of the voyage very 'gloomy indeed, and if you will head the ship for some adjacent English port, Miss Grant and I will be very glad to leave her."

"I hope not, sir! I'd rather not, Mr. Musgrave!" he exclaimed, speaking and looking so dejectedly that I suspected his manner was to a large degree assumed. "To shift the helm in this here wind would be extremely awkward—extremely awkward; and it 'ud ruin my reputation as the master of a passenger-vessel if you was to give out the reasons of your leaving, which are all imagination, sir—the fancies of a gent as has long lost sight of the sailor's character, and forgot that if life was all soup and bully in the fo'k'sle there'd be no work done—no work done whatever!"

I caught one of the mate's swift glances; 'twas as full of malice as could well be packed into such a nimble roll. There was nothing more to be said, and in silence I quitted the cabin, satisfied with my second victory that day over Captain Broadwater; but at the same time also profoundly convinced that a five minutes' conversation with his mate would influence the old fellow into a resolution to keep me and Miss Grant on board at all hazards, trusting maybe to time to soften and extinguish the prejudice and dislike and misgivings we had not scrupled to express in one shape or another.

As Gordon had charge of the deck until four o'clock in the afternoon, I endeavoured to ascertain from him what the men thought of the captain's treatment of the half-blood; but he was very shy and wary, and I believe would not have conversed with me upon the subject at all had it not been for the sort of kindness our chat on the previous night had established between us. His reply was to the effect that the crew were cautious in what they said before him, but that

as far as he could gather, the securing of the man to the mast had raised a very strong feeling against the captain and mate; and he said he believed it was only because the culprit was a foreigner that they suffered him to remain in that posture of indignity and pain. "Had he been an Englishman," he added, "my opinion is that they'd have gone on cutting him adrift as fast as the capt'n could seize him up."

The fellow still stood at the mast, bound as I have already described. Thus he had been standing since some time before nine o'clock in the morning. Whether the crew had at any time of the day fed him or put a drink to his lips I could not know; but though it was not three o'clock in the afternoon when I made these observations, the man already—that is to say after seven hours or thereabouts—exhibited such signs of weakness and distress that one would have said he was merely kept upon his feet by the ropes round his body. I never longed in all my life for anything so heartily as for the power to cast the unhappy creature adrift and send him below for a warm meal; but I had spoken out freely and done my best, and more was not to be thought of, though I vowed in my heart, as I saw the unhappy creature wearily pass his hand over his eyes, and drop his chin on to his breast as if his neck could not support the burthen of his head, that if redress was to be obtained for him from such machinery of law as I might find flourishing at Rio I would not spare my purse to procure it.

The wind blew strong throughout the day. Indeed before six o'clock it had freshened into half a gale; the topgallant-sails had been furled, and the brig swept roaring through it under reefed topsails and foresail. The height of the seas which chased us might have made a man think himself in the middle of the Atlantic. Each billow rolled under us with the weight of the ocean surge, and it was hard to realize that we were still in the narrow waters. The sky had settled

into that high, hard stratification of greenish-gray cloud, with a dark streak in places, compact and apparently motionless, which nearly always signifies wind, and as a rule plenty of it. The brig steered wildly, and the perspiration poured from the face of the man at the helm as he swung to the wheel, putting it down and up, whilst every floating rush of the fabric off the liquid brows brought the seas boiling about her quarters, till the curl of the yeast there would sometimes be flush with the rail. At sunset the wildness of the glory was more like the rising of the luminary on a stormy December morning, when the heavens open and shut with snow-squalls, than his descent on a summer's night. The heavens flushed to a furnace-glow—an angry, smoking crimson, lightening into pink zenithwards, and thence floating away in rose into the very heart of the east. But the sea kept its dark green colour, and the run of its frothing peaks from one shining line to another made the glow of the firmament as startling as an unreality by the contrast.

Miss Grant remained in the cabin. At the meal called by the captain "supper" I had begged her to come on deck, telling her that Broadwater (and I fixed my eyes on him as I spoke) had promised to free the man during the second dog-watch.

"When he is released I will go on deck, Mr Musgrave," she said, "but not before. Such a sight is more than I can bear, and indeed it is miserable enough to be down here and feel that the man is still suffering."

"He isn't suffering, mum," said Broadwater; "he'd laugh at you for supposin' it. The calling of the sea turns sailors' skins into hides, and their feelings into horns. If it didn't there'd be no seamen left, for they'd all die off of consumption and other delicate complaints. I've told Mr. Musgrave that to accommodate you the man shall be lubberated in the second dog-watch, and that means eight bells; and obliged he ought to

be, for by thunder! mistress, if it hadn't been for the consarn you're under about him I'd have kept him there till eight o'clock in the first watch to-morrow morning!"

Well, by remaining below she missed not only a fine and wondrous scene of sundown, but as gallant and stirring a sea-piece as it was ever my fortune to view. For whilst the sun, hidden as he was, hung, as I might suppose, some four or five degrees above the horizon, a cloud of canvas loomed up almost dead astern. The brig was swarming through it at not less than eight or nine knots, and yet here was a ship growing out of the olive-coloured welter as though in very truth she was the rising moon. She was a large black American clipper, fresh from the Thames, with canvas white as cotton, and she had every cloth abroad, with the exception of her mizen-royal and her fore and main skysails. The press was prodigious; one looked to see the great, swelling, soft white fabric flashing into a thousand fragments, and melting away upon the roar of the gale like snow-flakes. Her speed was not less than fifteen knots in the hour; I judged it so by comparing her approach with our progress. All forward she was smothered to the spritsail-yard; but at irregular intervals she shot her long black shape clear of the dazzle and fury about her bows, but only to smite the trough with a blow that hurled up a very storm of white waters, until you would have taken her to be a ship sweeping through the first gatherings of a waterspout. She passed us close, flying along as though we were at anchor, and her passage was that of a thunderstorm for the sound of the gale in her canvas, for the rain-like hissing all about her sides, and for the multitudinous shrieking of the wind in her rigging, resonant as fiddle-strings to the enormous strain put upon every shroud, backstay, and brace.

Broadwater gazed at her with an inimitable air of astonishment. I saw him looking up at his own canvas, and

then over the stern of the brig at the wake there, as though he could not persuade himself that the great clipper yonder carried the same weight of wind under which the Iron Crown was staggering. In a few minutes her elliptical stern was upon us, with swift upward heavings of the gleaming gilt-work upon it, till the letters of her name showed glaring over her rudder, and with flying plunges and slow majestic rollings, the stately fabric swept onwards with the gloom into the west, until presently she was as visionary in the liquid obscurity ahead as the creaming of the seas there.

On eight bells being struck, Broadwater, who was standing near the wheel, bawled out, "Mr. Gordon, cast that there Ernest Charles adrift from the foremast, and tell him to lay aft!"

I wondered what the captain meant to say to the unfortunate wretch, whose long punishment certainly did not need the topping off of a round of abuse; but finding he did not appear, I crossed the deck and observed a group of seamen collected at the foot of the mast. On approaching I saw the figure of the half-blood prone upon his back.

"What ails the man, Mr. Gordon?" said I; "has he fainted?"

"It's exhaustion, I allow," he answered.

"He's been belayed tootaut—enough to prize his heart out of its moorings," exclaimed one of the sailors in a gruff voice.

"There's a flask of brandy in my cabin," I exclaimed. "Where's the boy? He'll find it."

At this moment the mate arrived. "What's the trouble now?" he called out in his shrill, fierce voice.

"Charles is in a swoon," responded the boatswain.

The mate bent his back, and looked into the face of the prostrate man. The twilight was still abroad, but the gloom of the night, darkened yet by the shadow of vapour that overspread the sky, was fast deepening, and it

was already difficult to distinguish objects.

"Up you get!" shouted the mate, suddenly springing erect, with a sharp kick at the recumbent form. "There's no shamming allowed aboard this brig. Up with you! Up with you!"

He kicked him again and yet again, and then, as fiercely as a madman would throw himself upon another, clutched the man about the collar, and ran his back against the foremast sheer on to his feet.

I expected to see him fall, but whether he was actually shamming, as the mate declared, or had been brought to by Mr. Bothwell's kicks and handling, he opened his eyes and kept his feet, though he swayed against the mast, and I do not doubt would have fallen but for the support of it.

"Aft with you!" cried the mate; "the captain wants a word with you before you go below."

"He'd better be helped aft," said the boatswain; "small wonder if he should have lost the use of his legs."

"Aft with you!" persisted the mate.

The inhumanity of the fellow was maddening. "Murder him at once!" I cried; "it would be kinder!"

The mate did not answer, did not even look round at me. One of the sailors muttered something; I did not catch the words, but the growl had a very ugly note in it. The half-blood made a step, reeled, and fell heavily. I walked aft sick at heart, but ere I had made a few paces I heard the mate exclaim, "Take him below, then, take him below!" and passing me he joined the captain, and they fell to pacing the deck together.

The night was damp, and the force of the wind put an edge of cold into it. There was nothing to court Miss Grant on deck nor to detain me there; so I spent the rest of the evening with her in the cabin, though conversation after a time grew somewhat laborious, owing to the dismal creakings and groanings in the heart of the hull as

it strained from hollow to summit, and groaned again to the stormy sweep of the blast into the iron-hard canvas aloft. I told my companion that the half-blood had been freed and taken below, but said nothing about the brutality of the mate nor the condition the man appeared in, whether actual or affected, when released from the mast.

And indeed I do not know that I should have entered so closely into these particulars, but for the obligation I am under to exhibit the causes which led to the extraordinary adventures I shall have to relate before I bring this narrative to a conclusion. At the same time, as pictures of the sea-life are so seldom attempted, and as the secret history of the merchant-sailor is so little understood, I cannot but think it proper that all forms of the vocation, whether sunny or sombre, whether elevating or debasing, should, in the interests of the mariner, be described by those who have an acquaintance with the calling, and who are able to plainly write down their recollections and experiences. I am happy to know that many of the old forms of inhumanity on shipboard are extinct, or fast decaying; yet enough survives to render, I am sorry to say, even such a sketch as I have attempted true in many respects of much that happens in the sailing-ship of to-day. The coarse, unprincipled skipper still flourishes; mates of the Bothwell pattern still are to be found in plenty; and though the condition of the sailor has been improved and fortified by laws which had no existence in the days of which I am writing, his grievances yet remain sufficiently abundant to render even a recurrence to the usages and practices of half a century ago useful to him at the present moment as much that continues habitual to his hard, toilsome, hazardous, and unrepresented vocation. But to proceed.

The wind blew fresh all that night, and did not fail us until we had put twenty leagues between us and the

Scilly Islands. It then fell light and drew ahead, and forced us upon a bow-line, and for twenty-four hours we were staggering most abominably upon a long swell, with a true Biscayan sweep in the run of it; wrinkled with the wind, but foamless; swollen enough to fetch a harsh voice of small ordnance from the canvas that it swayed into violent slaps against the masts, and into short blasts like explosions with the sudden rounding-out of the cloths. Affairs on board seemed to run during this while pretty smoothly. I saw the half-blood named Charles at work on the day following the night of his release, and I do not know that old Broadwater made further trouble of the matter for which the fellow had been punished. The notion, or perhaps the hope rather, grew in me that he meant to soften somewhat his truculent treatment of the men. I had indeed spoken very plainly, and I took it that he had turned my words over in his mind when he was not too fuddled with liquor to think coherently, and had determined not to put it in my power to create a difficulty for him at Rio or on his return home. The mate, too, seemed disposed to quiet down, as if he had got his cue from the captain. It is true that he could never hail a man aloft, or call him when on deck, without an exasperating note of quite unnecessary temper in the fling of his voice. But it seemed to me as if he was no longer incessantly on the look-out for something to fly in a rage over. I suspected however that both he and Broadwater moderated their behaviour only when Miss Grant and I were on deck. At all events the ship's work seemed to be carried on without much fret and jar; yet, whether it was because the old sailorly instincts in me sharpened my sympathies, or because I feared that the conduct of the captain and his mate had already raised a devil forward, which even the quieter bearing of such men as they was not likely to lay, I confess I could never look at the crew without seeming sensible of



an indefinable air amongst them which I can best convey by speaking of it as a sort of morose uneasiness.

Broadwater, I am bound to say, showed no sulkiness towards us for our plain speaking and dealing. You would have thought there had been no trouble whatever between us had you heard him praising the meals at table, bragging of his old experiences, boasting of his brig as though she was the loveliest frigate then afloat, and so forth. As to the mate, we gave him so wide a berth that often a whole day passed without our exchanging a sentence with him. The only companionable creature aboard was Gordon, in whose quarter-deck walk I was always glad to join when the night came round that gave him the first watch as we call it at sea—that is, from eight to twelve. Naturally Miss Grant and I were very much together. This, to be sure, was unavoidable; but I own that I would get a bit troubled in my mind when, after turning in and extinguishing the lamp, I found my imagination haunted by her fine eyes, her noble figure, and above all by a certain sweetness in the tone of her voice that would at all times, long after she was silent, linger upon my ear like a memory of glad and gentle music. I sometimes said to myself, Suppose I fall in love with her? It would be impossible to conceive of a more inconvenient passion. It was idle to argue with myself and pretend that I need not fall in love with her

unless I chose. Reason might talk very soberly about such a thing, but my instincts knew better. In short, not being able to make sure of myself in this direction, I arrived at the conclusion that I had acted as a fool in consenting to lock myself up in a small brig with a handsome woman whose heart was another's, and to the fascination of whose person and manners I was expected to oppose as immovable a countenance as old Broadwater's. Had there been other passengers we might have made shift, for considerable intervals at all events, to manage without one another's company; but we were alone—a condition of the voyage I cannot say I had seriously contemplated or even lightly thought of before embarking on this adventure—and the result was we were incessantly together. I had purchased a chess-board and a pack or two of cards, and when the deck bored us, or the weather there was uncomfortable, we would sit down and play a game in the cabin; and I say it was difficult for me to be hour after hour and day after day encountering her spirited, sparkling glances, watching her smiles, listening to her graceful fancies, observing the fifty fascinating elegancies of her posture and movements, without thinking a very great deal more about her when I was alone, and perhaps even when I was in her company, than my honour could approve or my judgment understand.

*(To be continued.)*

## A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST, AND HIS WORK.

"THE bitter regret caused by the disappearance of him who has just left us is softened by the consoling thought that he has accomplished his task, and at the same time has smoothed for us the path that we have to traverse. Fortified by this thought let each of us resume our labour and continue our work, inspired by the example that he has given us, remembering that he who is no more was just, devoted, hardworking up to the last hour, and that to be worthy of him it suffices to exert all our efforts to try to imitate him."

Such were the words lately spoken over the open grave of one whom we have styled a Practical Philanthropist, and of whose life and labours we propose to give a brief account.

Jean Baptist André Godin was born at Esquéhéries in the Department of l'Aisne, France, on January 26th, 1817. He was the son of a locksmith, and lived with his father until it became necessary for him to earn his own living, with a view to which he was presently apprenticed to the higher branches of the metal-trade. Life in a little country village was naturally uneventful, but M. Godin has himself left records by which we see that the youth amidst his humble associations and arduous employments was imbued with the loftiest aspirations and ambitions.

In due course he made the usual tour through the workshops of France, and was, as he tells us, much struck by the want of social harmony which prevailed, by the manifest injustice and inequalities of the wage-system, and by many other practical difficulties which throw themselves in the path of most thinkers.

In spite of the exhaustive hours of labour which usually fell to his lot—

often from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.—he found time to examine all the popular theories of social development, but could never obtain thorough satisfaction till he investigated those of Saint-Simon and Fourier. He remained an ardent disciple of Fourier to the last, although matured experience led him to modify to a very great extent many of the principles imbibed in early youth from that writer.

In 1837 he returned to his father's house, where he worked until 1840, when he married and set up an establishment of his own. On commencing a new industry, namely the manufacture of stoves from iron castings instead of from sheet iron, he removed to Guise, where he established a small factory. This was in 1846, and we find him then in a position to give employment to about thirty workmen. Having previously examined the great social questions from the worker's standpoint, he was now able to consider them from the point of view of the capitalist.

By continued inventions and incessant care he greatly developed his business, and devoted a large proportion of his profits to the amelioration of the condition of his workmen. This he attempted by gradual improvements, such as lessening the hours of labour, and encouraging the establishment of a provident society against cases of sickness, to which he subscribed nearly as much as the whole of the workmen combined, while he left the management under their own control. He divided his men into sections, and paid them on different days, thereby abolishing the system of fortnightly orgies which formerly took place on pay-days.

His liberal good sense, love of fairness, and true human sympathy, however, told him that the natural feeling

of antagonism between labour and capital cannot be abolished by temporary concessions, but by making the sons of toil see that their employers are actuated in all things by the sentiment of justice. His ideal was that of Louis Blanc: "Work according to ability, compensation according to need." The ideal is doubtless a grand one, but Godin recognised that the imperfection of human nature is such that it can never reach that ideal, since so inviting a field for laziness is opened by the latter clause. He firmly believed, however, in the Saint-Simonian theory, "Every one should live by his labour," and acted up to the Saint-Simonian formula, "To each one according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its productions." Communism, as he imagined it, was Socialism matured, not Socialism run mad.

Matters continued to prosper with Godin until the revolution of 1848, and the accession to power of Louis Napoleon. Godin escaped the tribulation which then overtook the Socialistic thinkers of France, but many of his fellow-labourers were forced to fly the country. Some of them established a colony in Texas, to which he subscribed a third of his whole capital. The scheme collapsed, and Godin lost his money; but, instead of being disheartened and discouraged, he set himself to work harder than ever to make up for his loss. New inventions and improvements resulted from his efforts; he took out no less than fourteen new patents, increased his factory at Guise, and established a branch at Laeken, near Brussels.

The great dream of his life was to combine an Industrial Partnership with an Associated Home, and after years of patient study and thought he developed and perfected a scheme by which he was able to solve completely the problems which had baffled the aspirations of all the social thinkers before his day.

He did not consider that there was anything benevolent about industrial partnerships; as Mr. Holyoake after-

wards observed, they were to him nothing but better business arrangements. After the employer had valued his whole capital and plant, and set aside a certain percentage of profit as their just recompense, the remainder was to be equitably distributed amongst all, according to their abilities and performances. In ordinary business arrangements the tie between employer and employed is made binding or otherwise only by slavish or selfish considerations, such as the fear of losing a situation, or the hope of obtaining a better one. Industrial partnership, which, as Jevons remarks, is only a form of payment by results, appeals directly to the strongest motive for human action, self-interest; besides strengthening and confirming that goodwill which must exist between employer and employed, if their mutual relation is to be anything more than a sordid bargain on both sides. Lord Derby in a speech made at Liverpool in 1869, said: "It is a natural and not unreasonable wish for every man to form that he should have some interest in and some control over the work on which he is employed. It is human nature, I think, that a man should like to feel that he is a gainer by any extra industry that he may put forth, and that he should like to have some sense of proprietorship in the shop, or mill, or whatever it may be, in which he passes his days." Godin thought all this and more, and acted accordingly. He was at first prevented by law from making the concern a real association such as he desired, but was obliged to remain at the head of the business; hence arose his great anxiety as to what would be the result at his death. He knew that human institutions are liable to so many contingencies, and he also knew by bitter experience that a man's foes are often those of his own household: he was therefore exceedingly careful in all his arrangements, and made his plans so well that his spirit permeates the whole establishment, and there is every reason to believe

that his institution will remain as a permanent monument to his name. Zeal is rewarded and the lack of it punished, so that each member of the partnership is kept continually alive to the fact that his duty and interest are one.

The laws promulgated by the founder open with a declaration of principles, of which the fundamental one is: "It is the essential duty of society and of every individual so to regulate their conduct as to produce the greatest possible benefits to humanity, and to make this the constant object of all their thoughts, words and actions."

The part of his scheme which lay nearest to his heart was the Associated Home, to which he gave the names of *Familistère* and *Social Palace*, both of which it fully deserves. He held that intellectual and moral life is bound up with material life, and that life is imperfect and incomplete unless man possesses all that is necessary for the wants of the body, as only then can he exist in the fulness of his faculties and being. Many millions of our fellow-creatures have never known what it is to sleep in decently ventilated or appointed rooms, to eat properly cooked food, to enjoy cheerful, social intercourse, and we cannot wonder that the miserable character of their physical life causes the deterioration of their moral nature. Just as isolated savage hordes have become united by the drawing together of social relations and the sentiment of national sympathy, so he proposed joining together segregated dwellings into one vast association. The *Social Palace* was to be not only a better shelter for the workman than the isolated home; it was also to be an instrument for his well-being, his individual dignity and progress. Not an improved tenement house, not a group of small workmen's houses, not a show place to blazon forth the benevolence of the founder; but a real, true, united home, where sociality could be obtained without the loss of privacy.

In 1859, when the foundation of the east wing of the building was laid, the scheme was an experiment, and the capital available was only sufficient to carry out a portion of the plan; but year by year additions were made, until in 1879 the whole structure, capable of accommodating about eighteen hundred persons, and so arranged that it can be easily enlarged, was completed at a total cost of something like sixty thousand pounds.

The *Familistère*, with the foundries, workshops, and all the accompanying buildings, occupies a space of about fifteen acres on both sides of the *Oise*. The dwelling-houses, three in number, are in the form of hollow parallelograms, in the midst of each of which is a large, glass-roofed court. Each building consists of four stories, and they are all connected on each story. Under the whole structure are cellars, subdivided so as to be used as storehouses, and passages for the purpose of ventilation. All the division walls, which are built at distances of ten *mètres* apart, run from roof to foundation, as a protection in case of fire. The entrance doors, which turn easily on pivots in the middle and close with springs, are put up in the winter and removed in the summer. The stairs are semi-circular, so that the children may ascend easily on the broad portions, while adults can take the inside or narrow parts. On each story, round the central courts, are galleries, protected by balustrades so close that children cannot put their heads through, and so high as to prohibit climbing over.

In choosing a home the first consideration with a labouring man is that of price, so the rooms are arranged in such a manner that a single man or a family may hire one, two, or any number, according to means, merely paying for the number of square feet occupied. Two rooms and a closet occupying a little more than two hundred square feet may be had at prices varying from about 6s. 7d. to 8s. 7d. a month. To show that the plan was

not meant as benevolence, M. Godin himself occupied apartments in the Familistère, as do all the heads of departments.

There are ten different entrances to the building, so that as much privacy in coming and going can be obtained as in a town, far more than in a village. The halls are lighted all night, presenting the appearance of well-lit streets. There are schools and a nursery, baths and wash-houses, a theatre, a library, groves and gardens, shops for all sorts of commodities, choral societies, bands, and provision for all kinds of rational enjoyment and improvement both physical and mental. The public portions of the buildings are kept scrupulously neat and clean; tenants of apartments please themselves as to the order in which they are kept, but it is significant to note that after removing to the Familistère families nearly always buy a stock of new furniture. The sanitary arrangements are excellent. The central halls are kept constantly supplied with fresh air, and in hot weather the courts are watered. Huge reservoirs on the top of the building feed fountains on each landing, and the supply of water is so ample that its consumption averages five gallons a head daily. The dust-holes are emptied daily and the closets cleaned three times a day. Invalids and children are allowed the gratuitous use of hot and cold baths.

The whole structure represents Fourier's phalanx in most respects, but differs from it in two important particulars: (1) The power of the head, which Godin could not help; (2) The absence of agriculture, which he greatly regretted. The industries are iron, copper, sugar, and chicory factories.

Next to his belief in the dignity of labour, the strongest feeling in Godin's mind was probably his love of children. The provisions made for their comfort and training are perfect. His loving care for them commenced at their birth. There is at the Familistère a nursery where the little ones are

attended to by carefully selected nurses who do their duty so well that visitors declare there is absolutely no crying! The good health and consequent vitality produced by the careful regard for their welfare are such that the little ones seem constantly happy and contented. They are taught to wait without crying when awake till their turn comes for attention; to eat in their turn; to stand up and walk about in a little gallery; to obey the nurses; to go to sleep without crying. Rocking is completely abolished, and their comfort is greatly enhanced by beds of dried bran, which are renewed as occasion demands. At about two years of age they are removed to the first Mother's School or Pouponnat. There they are taught cleanliness, to sing and march, to sing the alphabet and numbers up to one hundred, to draw on slates, and to play in the gardens without damaging the flowers or shrubs. The next stage is the second Mother's School or Bambinat, where simple object lessons are given, the suggestions for which are taken mostly from the systems of Froebel and Madame Pape-Carpentier. At the age of six they are generally ready for the Primary Schools, of which there are three, and where they are educated until they reach the age of thirteen. Afterwards those who are considered likely to reap benefit therefrom are put into the Supplementary School, or Upper Course.

That the education provided is considerably above the average of that usually received by the children of working men will appear from the following statement. In 1886, one hundred and thirty-one candidates from the Canton of Guise were publicly examined for the "Certificate of Study" of whom twenty-one were from the Familistère. The total number of certificates gained was one hundred and five, twenty of which fell to the Familistère candidates. Thus out of a population of about twenty thousand

the whole of the canton received one hundred and five certificates, while the Familistère with one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight inhabitants obtained twenty. The percentage is more than double, and it must be recollected that this only shows the result of the education in the Primary Schools.

In summer the children receive practical instruction in gardening and botany, and at all times are allowed free access to portions of the gardens. Education is free but compulsory, and parents whose children are kept from school are fined for each day of non-attendance. The children are early taught the use of the franchise; they elect by vote from amongst themselves a council whose duty it is to maintain order out of school. Two festivals are held yearly at the Familistère, that of Labour in May, that of Childhood in September. At the former, rewards are given for special industry and improvement; at the latter, prizes for progress are awarded, and specimens of the children's work exhibited. Thus among seniors and juniors emulation is kept constantly at work with most beneficial results.

At the end of their school-life boys are apprenticed gratuitously, and paid for all work done. Orphans are adopted, and maintained free as long as necessary. The numbers of the school in 1885 were five hundred and fifty-five.

The Association was not properly registered until 1880, although shares had been previously put to the credit of workers. Before the legal constitution of the Association the whole construction might have collapsed in the event of Godin's death. Now his heirs receive half the income secured to the capital held by him when he died, all the rest of the profits go to raise the position of the workmen. The statutes of the Association consist of (1) A statement of principles, (2) Laws regulating mutual relations and interests, (3) Special Rules relating to mutual assurances, (4) In-

ternal Regulations; the whole forming, in Godin's words, "a true code of labour."

The total amount of capital put into the Association was 184,000*l.*, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum. The share of profit accruing to the members is not payable in cash; it goes towards paying out the founder, and placing the workers, year by year, more and more in his place. He anticipated that in less than twenty years the whole of the works and buildings would be the property of the workmen, and it will presently be seen that he was below the mark in his estimate of the probable benefits to them. His own salary as Administrator-General was originally twelve per cent. of the net profits, but he stated his intention of accepting less, as men capable of assuming posts of responsibility came to the front. He kept his word, and in the last year of his life his salary was four per cent. of the profits.

In order to encourage industry, thrift, and zeal, a system of promotions to worthy members was established. After three years' membership a man, if resident in the Familistère, is eligible to become a Sociétaire with extra privileges. After five years' service, and an accumulation of 20*l.* capital, he may be an Associé with the right to receive double bonus. If he prove a man of exceptional capacity, he has a chance of becoming one of the Committee of Management, to whom is reserved an extra bonus of from nine to twelve per cent. on the net profit. A comparison of the number of profit-sharers in 1882 and 1887 will show the working of this admirable arrangement.

	1882.	1887.
Full Members (Associés) . . .	3	93
2nd Class (Sociétaires) . . .	0	209
3rd " (Participants) . . .	571	491
4th " (Intéressés) . . .	153	234

It would be tedious to trace the financial progress up to the present time; but a few extracts from the last Balance Sheet of the Association



(September, 1887) will give a fair notion of the results attained.

The accumulated Assurance Fund amounts to 34,275*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, and during the year 5,475*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* was spent in pensions to aged, assistance to sick, temporary assistance to families, and education. From these figures Godin concludes that "it would be much more easy for our governors (if only they were so disposed) to efface misery in France, than it has been for me to efface it from your ranks."

The gross proceeds during the year were:

	£	s.	d.
Sales at Guise and Laeken . . . . .	148,657	3	5
Rent of Familistère . . . . .	4,094	4	3
Sales in Stores . . . . .	18,136	11	8
	£170,887	19	4

The net profit was 31,230*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*, from which the following deductions had to be made:

	£	s.	d.
Depreciations . . . . .	10,120	4	9
Education . . . . .	1,181	16	3
Wages of Capital . . . . .	9,200	0	0
Cost of Direction at Laeken . . . . .	167	4	10
Profits among purchases at Stores . . . . .	829	14	7
	£21,499	0	5

The net divisible balance was therefore 9,731*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*, of which M. Godin took four per cent., one per cent. was paid for the maintenance of scholars in State Schools, two per cent. as rewards for useful inventions, and the whole of the remainder distributed amongst the members as accumulation of share-capital. The total amount repaid to M. Godin by accumulation of shares has been 110,140*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*, more than five-ninths of the whole share-capital.

No wonder that Godin felt proud of his work. In 1886 a writer in the "Spectator" having said that Godin had not touched the fringe of the social problem, he replied, in a letter to the "London Courier": "I believe that when a chief of industry has by association bestowed on a working population of about two thousand persons ease, well-being, and relative

comfort; when by this association he has extended the benefits of mutuality, care and assistance during sickness, and pensions for old age to all the workers who are auxiliaries of the establishment; when he has suppressed misery around himself; I believe that he has taken a great step towards the solution of the social problem, by furnishing an example which it is sufficient to imitate and generalise."

The organization of Industrial Interests in the Association is chiefly vested in the Committee of Management, or Administrative Council, which is chosen by universal suffrage. This Council meets twice a week; once for consultations on business connected with the Industrial Partnership, and questions relating to the work in the factories; and once to discuss any points which may call for attention in the Associated Home, such as food supply. Sub-committees are appointed to over-see the various departments, and the stores are under the control of an officer called the *Econome*. All the shops deal wholesale through him, and each presents to him its separate account of receipts and expenditure, which is carefully checked and balanced every week. Various societies, each having its own committee and rules, and each quite independent of the Administrative Council, have charge of different parts of the social economy such as education, sanitation, music, and the clubs and library.

There is a Council of Criticism elected by the members, whose duty is to discover and prevent breaches of discipline and order. On the commission of the first offence, a notice signed by this Council is either sent to the offender's lodging, or posted publicly without the culprit's name. On the second offence the offender is mulcted in a fine which goes to the general fund, and the notice, now bearing his name, is posted for a time varying with the gravity of the crime. In the event of a third offence, the Council have power to inflict further punishment, or even to dismiss the

offender from the Association. This power never needs to be exerted, as the shame of public exposure is a sufficient deterrent: since the opening of the Familistère there has not been a single police case!

Mr. E. O. Greening, who visited Guise in 1884, gives details showing that up to that time each man had on an average gained 100*l.* by five years of work, besides having received his regular wages all the time. He also submits examples of cases in which those who had received rewards for exceptional services, or who had been elected as members of the Administrative Council, had saved far greater sums.

It needs no second glance to see that the workers in M. Godin's factories enjoy what to most mechanics would seem a paradise on earth. By the careful provision for orphans, invalids, and the aged, all anxiety for the future is removed, and that cruel pinching which goes by the name of prudential foresight is rendered unnecessary. Instead of being spread over a space of two or three square miles, their habitations are so placed that an immense gain is made both in time and convenience: they can live, work, visit each other, attend to domestic affairs, do their shopping, and perform all the ordinary avocations of life in all weathers without going from under cover. Since their shops retail the goods at such a price as barely to pay expenses, there is as much facility for the poor as for the rich to lay out their money to good advantage. Their children are well educated without cost, never neglected, always well dressed and neat. Everything in connection with the establishment tends to give honour and dignity to work, and to emancipate the worker.

Arduous as were M. Godin's daily labours, and incessant as were his cares for the welfare of those around him, he found time to interest himself in national politics, and was elected a Member of the General Council of his Department. He was Mayor of Guise during the Franco-Prussian War, and in 1871 was elected Deputy to the National Assembly. He wrote several books on social questions, and in 1878 established a journal, "*Le Devoir*", which he conducted till his death.

Having seen the desires of his heart fulfilled at Guise, he had just made up his mind to introduce the same blessings elsewhere, and had announced his intention to found a Familistère at Laeken, when illness seized him, and he expired quite unexpectedly, January 16th, 1888. On the 22nd, the whole population of the Social Palace, about eighteen hundred persons, bathed in tears, followed to the tomb the body of their benefactor and friend.

The Articles of Association gave him the power to name his successor, but he had not done so, preferring to leave everything to the good sense of those whom he had elevated: it is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that these almost unanimously elected his widow, who is now Administrator-General of the Association.

"The seed of the ideas so profusely scattered from his rich intelligence has not been lost, but has already fructified in men's hearts and consciences." So says "*Le Devoir*" in announcing the death and funeral of this truly great man, and that it may be so, all who have studied his work will unite in hopefully breathing.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

W. T. KNIGHT.

## DR. JOHNSON'S FAVOURITES.

IN Johnson's famous circle of friends were two young men whose names come often in the pages of his biographer, of brilliant minds indeed, but who did absolutely nothing of moment in the world, and whom nevertheless the world regards benignantly for the sake of the love they gave and received from the great man. The mild-hearted, portentous old vision of Johnson seems never so complete and gracious as when attended by these two, above all things else Johnsonians. When the doors swing ajar at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, in shadowy London; when the "unclubbable" Hawkins strides over the threshold, and Hogarth goes by the window with his large nod and smile; when Chamier is there reading, Goldsmith posing in purple silk small-clothes, Reynolds fingering his trumpet, stately Burke and little brisk Garrick stirring the punch in their glasses, and Dr. Johnson rolling about in his chair of state, saying something prodigiously humorous and wise, it is still Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk who most give the scene its human, genial lustre, standing behind him, arm in arm. Between him and them was deep and long affection, and the little we know of them has a right to be more for his sake.

Born in 1741, of good family, Bennet Langton as a Lincolnshire lad had read "The Rambler", and conceived the purest enthusiasm for its author. He came to London on the ideal errand of seeking him out, and, thanks to Levett, met the idol of his imagination. Despite the somewhat staggering circumstances of Johnson's attire,—for he had rashly presupposed a stately, fastidious, and well-mannered figure,—he paid his vows of fealty, and endeared himself to his new friend for ever. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1757 at

the age of sixteen. The Doctor followed his career at the University with kindly interest, writing to Langton's tutor,—“I see your pupil: his mind is as exalted as his stature”. He even went down to Oxford to visit his votary, and there, for the first time, came across a part of his destiny in the shape of that strange bird, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, then a handsome scapegrace of eighteen. Johnson shook his head, and wondered at the odd juxtaposition of this Lord of Misrule with the “evangelical goodness” of his admirable Langton. The knowledge that veneration for himself and ardent perusal of his writings had first brought them together, mollified the sapient Doctor; but something more personal yet set Beauclerk for ever in the great man's good graces. Like Langton he was well-bred, urbane, of excellent natural parts, a critic, a student, and a wit. An only son, he was born in 1737, and named after that Topham of Windsor who left a splendid collection of paintings and drawings to his father, Lord Sydney Beauclerk, the third son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. Young Beauclerk, with his aggravating flippancy, his sharp sense, his quiver full of jibes, time-wasting, money-wasting, foreign as Satan and his pomps to his sweet-natured college companion, struck the Doctor in his own political weak spot. The likeness to Charles the Second was enough to disarm Johnson at the very moment when he was calling up his most austere frown: it was enough to turn the vinegar of his wrath to the milk of kindness. No odder or sincerer testimony could he have given to his inexplicable liking for that royal scapegrace, than that he allowed the latter's great-grandson to tease him and tyrannize over him during an entire lifetime. It is not so given to

every man in the flesh to attest his allegiance. Mr. Topham Beauclerk literally bewitched Dr. Samuel Johnson: the stolid English moralist enraptured with the antics of a Jack-a-lantern! He allowed his pranks and quibbles, rejoiced in his taste and literary learning, admired him indiscreetly, followed his whims meekly, expostulated with him almost against his traitorous impulses, and clung to him to the end in perfect fondness and faith. Bennet Langton was a mild young visionary, humane, tolerant, and generous in the extreme; modest and contemplative, averse to dissipation; a perfect talker, a perfect listener, with a smile, sweet as a child's, which lives yet among his kindred on the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was six feet six inches tall, slenderly built, and apt to stoop from old habits of bookishness. The ladies sat about him in drawing-rooms, said Edmund Burke, like maids around a Maypole! Beauclerk had more gaiety and grace, and domineered every one he knew by sheer force of high spirits. His faults were all on the surface, and easy to be forgiven for the sake of his genuine worth. It was he who most troubled the good Doctor, he for whom he suffered in silence, with whom he wrangled: he whose insuperable taunting promise, never reaching any special development, vexed and disheartened him; yet, perhaps because of these very things, though Bennet Langton was infinitely more to his mind, it was Absalom, once again, whom the old fatherly heart loved best.

Miss Hawkins, in her *Memoirs*, says: "Were I called on to name the person with whom Johnson might have been seen to the fairest advantage, I should certainly name Mr. Langton". His deferent, suave manner was the best possible foil to the Doctor's extraordinary explosions. He had supreme self-command: no one ever saw him angry; and in most matters of life, as an exact contrast to his beloved friend Beauclerk, apt to take things a shade too seriously.

He was rather inert, mentally and physically, having, moreover, that "rarer quality than any which commands success". He wrote, in 1760, a little book of essays entitled "*Rustics*", which never got beyond the passivity of manuscript. He fulfilled beautifully, adds Miss Hawkins, "the pious injunction of Sir Thomas Browne, 'to sit quietly in the soft showers of Providence', and might, without injustice, be characterized as utterly unfit for every species of activity". Yet at the call of duty, so nobly was the natural man dominated by his unclouded will, he girded himself to any exertion. Indulgence in wine was natural to him, and he felt its need to sharpen and rouse his intellect; "but the idea of Bennet Langton being what is called 'overtaken'", wrote the same associate, "is too preposterous to be dwelt on". We have one delicious anecdote to illustrate Langton's Greek serenity. Talking to a company of a chilly forenoon in his own house, he paused to say that the fire might go out, if it lacked attention—a brief, casual, murmurous interruption. He resumed his clear-voiced discourse, breaking presently, and pleading abstractedly, with eye in air: "Pray ring for coals!" All sat quietly amused, looking at the fire, and so little solicitous that straightway Langton was off again, on the stream of his soft eloquence. In a few minutes came another lull: "Did anybody answer that bell?" A general negative. "Did anybody ring that bell?" A sly shaking of heads. "Why the fire will be out!" he sighed. And once more the inspired monody soared among the clouds, at last dropping meditatively to the hearthstone: "Dear, dear! the fire is out".

Langton was always the centre of a group, wherever he happened to be, talking delightfully and twirling the oblong gold-mounted snuff-box, which promptly appeared as his conversation began: a conspicuous figure, with his height, his courteous manner, his mild

beauty, and his habit of crossing his arms over his breast, or locking his hands together on his knee. He had a queerness of constitution which seemed to leave him at his lowest ebb every afternoon about two of the clock, forgetful, weary, confused, and with all his ideas dispersed. After a little food, he was himself again. He ran no chance of sustenance at dinner parties, even waiving his delicate appetite, "such was the perpetual flow of his conversation, and such the incessant claim made upon him".

Johnson valued Langton for his piety, his ancient descent, his amiable behaviour, and his knowledge of Greek: "Who in this town knows anything of Clenardus, sir, but you and I?" he would say, for Langton's enthusiasm had taught him Clenardus's Grammar from cover to cover. In the midst of his talk Langton would fall with charming grace into the "vowelled undertone" of the tongue he loved, correcting himself with a smile, a wave of the hands, and his wonted apologetic phrase: "And so it goes on!" in deference to the un-Hellenic ears of his auditors, and in gentle palliation of his own little thoughtlessness. It must have been a satisfaction afterwards to Johnson that his scholarly friend refused to sign the famous Round Robin concerning poor Goldsmith's epitaph, which besought him to "disgrace the walls of Westminster with an English inscription". For Bennet Langton Johnson had nothing but praise and affectionate ardour. "He is one of those to whom Nature has not spread her volumes, nor uttered her voices in vain". "Earth does not bear a worthier gentleman". "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not". Yet even with this "angel of a man", as Miss Hawkins names him, the Doctor had one serious and ludicrous quarrel. He considered it the sole grave fault of Langton, that he was too ready to introduce religious discussion into a mixed assembly, where he knew any two of the company would

be scarcely of the same mind. On Boswell's suggestion that Bennet did it for the sake of instruction, Johnson replied angrily that he had no more right to take that means of gaining information, than he had to pit two persons against each other in a duel for the sake of learning the art of self-defence. Some indiscretion of this sort seems to have alienated the friends for the first and last time; unless Croker's conjecture be true that the quarrel which threatened to break a friendship of twenty years' standing arose from Langton's settling his estate by will upon his three sisters. On hearing of this the Great Cham grumbled and fumed, politely applied to the Misses Langton the pertinent title of "three dowdies!" and reiterated, with all the prejudices of feudalism, that "an ancient estate, sir! an ancient estate should always go to the males". Then he belaboured the lawyer who had drawn up the document for his laxity in allowing Langton to pass as one of sound understanding, and remarked sardonically, "I hope he has left me a legacy". Lastly, the entire situation seemed to strike him as so exceedingly comical that he laid hold of a post on his way home, and roared so loud that in the silence of the night his voice could be heard from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch.

But in due time the breach, whatever the cause, was healed. The Doctor, in writing of it, uses one of his balancing sentences: "We are all that ever we were. Langton, though without malice, is not without resentment". The two could not keep apart very long, despite all the disagreement and all the unreason in the world. Another memorable passage-at-arms happened in the course of one of Johnson's sicknesses, when he solemnly implored Bennet Langton, in the cloistral silence of his chamber, to tell him wherein his life had been faulty. His shy and sagacious monitor wrote down for accusation a number of Scriptural texts recommending tolerance,



patience, compassion, meekness, and other spiritual ingredients which were notably lacking in the stalwart Doctor's social composition. The penitent thanked Langton humbly and earnestly on taking the paper from his hand; but presently turned his short-sighted eyes on him from the pillow, and exclaimed in a loud, angry, suspicious tone, "What's your drift, sir?" The exquisite comedy of it! "And when I questioned him", so Johnson afterwards told his blustering tale, "when I questioned him as to what occasion I had given him for such animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this,—that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation! Now what harm does it do any man to be contradicted?"

As for Topham Beauclerk, more volatile than Langton, he had as steady a "sunshine of cheerfulness" for his heritage. Johnson, bewailing his own morbid habits of mind, once said: "Some men, and very thinking men too, have not these vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round: Beauclerk, when not ill and in pain, is the same". Boswell attests that Beauclerk took more liberties with Johnson than durst any man alive, and that Johnson was more disposed to envy Beauclerk's talents than those of any man he had ever known. He was a favourite with such men as Selwyn and Walpole, and quite their match in ease and astuteness. He alternated the gaming-table with court, the civilities of the drawing-room with the free Bohemian intellectuality of the club. His unresting sarcasm often hurt Goldsmith and irritated Johnson, though Bennet Langton was never grazed. He was a "pestilent wit", as Anthony à Wood put it of Marvell, and could talk even Garrick blind. "No man", ran Johnson's fine eulogium, "was ever freer, when he was about to say a good thing, from a look which expressed that it was coming, nor, when he had said it, from a look which expressed that it had come". He was no disguiser of his likes and

dislikes, and was often querulous and eccentric. Politics and politicians he avoided as much as possible. His natural and noble scorn of oppressors was his finest quality; he had also great tact, spirit, and independence. His own insuperable idleness (for he was as listless by grace as Langton was by nature) he recognised, and lightly deprecated. What he chose to call his leisure (again the ancestral Stuart trait!) he dedicated to the natural sciences. "I see Mr. Beauclerk often both in town and country", wrote Goldsmith to Bennet Langton. "He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle, deep in chemistry and physics". When there was some fanciful talk of setting up the club as a college, "to draw a wonderful concourse of students", Beauclerk, by unanimous vote, was elected to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy.

Johnson's influence on him, potent though it was, was chiefly negative. It kept him from saying and doing questionable things, and preserved in him an outward decorum towards institutions and customs, rather than incited him to make of his manifold talents the "illustrious figure" which Langton's affectionate eye discerned in a vain anticipation. Beauclerk and the Doctor went about together, and had some amusing experiences. In company once with a number of clergymen, who thought to meet their guests on common ground by assuming a great deal of noisy jollity, Johnson, not duly entertained, sat in grim silence for some time, and then said to his disciple, by no means in a whisper, "Sir! this merriment of parsons is mighty offensive!"

Johnson and his "Beau" had their many combats, "like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-o-war"; the younger smooth, sharp and civil, the other indignantly dealing with the butt-end of personality. Boswell gives a long account of a dispute concerning a murderer, and the evidence of his having carried two pistols. Beauclerk



was right, but Johnson was (which gave him as solid a sense of virtue) angry; and he was soothed only at the end by one of Topham's adroit and affectionate replies. "Sir", the Doctor began sternly, at another time, after listening to some mischievous waggery, "you never open your mouth but with the intention to give pain; and you often give me pain, not from the power of what you say, but from seeing your intention". And again: "Your mind is all virtue, your body all vice." When Beauclerk would have shown resentment, Johnson stopped him with a gesture: "Nay, sir, Alexander marching in triumph into Babylon, would not desire more to be said to him". "You have, sir!" he said once, adapting the poet's line and perhaps conscious of Rochester's famous epigram, "a love of folly, and a scorn of fools; everything you do attests the one, and everything you say, the other".

Beauclerk had ever ready some quaint simile, or odd application out of books. Referring to Langton's habit of sitting or standing against the fireplace, with one long leg twisted about the other, "as if fearing to occupy too much space", he said his friend was for all the world like the stork in Raphael's cartoon of the Miraculous Draught. One of his happiest hits, and certainly his boldest, was made when Johnson was being congratulated by some friends on his pension: "now it was to be hoped," whispered the favourite in a version of Falstaff's celebrated vow, "that he would purge and live cleanly as a gentleman should do". Johnson seems to have taken the hint in good humour, and actually to have profited by it.

Very soon after leaving Oxford Beauclerk became engaged to a Miss Draycott; but some coldness on his part, or some sensitiveness on hers, broke off the match. His fortune-hunting parents were disappointed, as the lady owned several lead-mines in her own right. That same year, with Bennet Langton for companion part of

the way, Beauclerk, whose health, never robust, now began to give him anxiety, set out on a continental tour. Baretti received him kindly at Milan, on Johnson's urgent and friendly letter of introduction; and the young Englishman, by his subsequent knowledge of Italian popular customs, was able to testify in Baretti's favour, when the latter was in trouble in London, and with Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith and Johnson, to help him towards his acquittal. At Venice it was reported that Beauclerk was robbed of ten thousand pounds, an incident which perhaps shortened his peregrinations. In 1768 he married Lady Diana Spencer, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, who had been divorced on his account from her first husband, Lord Bolingbroke, nephew and heir of the great owner of that title. Johnson was angry and disturbed over the affair. But, as Croker justly comments, he practically waived his personal right of criticism by living in the private society of Beauclerk's wife, and had scarcely the option, even at first, of enjoying that and of disparaging her character. "Lady Di" was certainly fond and faithful to Topham Beauclerk. She was an artist of no mean merit. Horace Walpole built a room for the reception of some of her drawings, which he called his Beauclerk Closet; and it is to be feared that one invaluable portrait of Samuel Johnson has been lost. "Johnson was confined for some days in the Isle of Skye", writes Topham; "and we hear that he was obliged to swim over to the mainland, taking hold of a cow's tail . . . Lady Di has promised to make a drawing of it". Sir Joshua's delightful "Una" is the lovely little daughter of Lady Di and Topham Beauclerk, painted the year her father died. The Beauclerks lived in great style, and Lady Di, an admirable hostess, had always the warmest welcome for Langton, whom she cordially appreciated, and would rally on his remissness when he stayed away from their home at Richmond. He could

reach them so easily, she said : had he but laid himself at length, his feet had been in London and his head with them, *eodem die* !

Beauclerk died on March 11th, 1780. He was forty-one years old, and for all his wit, judgment and intelligence, left no more trace behind him than that Persian butterfly-elect, Prince Chrysalus, whom old Buxton calls a "light phantastick fellow". His air of boyish promise, quite unconscious to himself, had hoodwinked his friends into certain prophecies of his fame. But he took upon himself no yoke and no burden. An allegiance, at any time in his young career, would have made him truly the peer of the noble comrades with whom he walked and jested, and put immortality on his "bright, unbowed, insubmissive head". Yet he was bitterly mourned. "I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to save him!" cried Johnson who had loved him for twenty years; and again, to Lord Althorpe, "This is a loss, sir, that perhaps the whole nation could not repair". He wrote when his grief had somewhat subsided, "Poor dear Beauclerk ! *nec, ut soles, dabis joca*. His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and his reasoning are now over. Such another will not often be found among mankind. He directed himself to be buried beside his mother, an instance of tenderness which I should hardly have expected". To Bennet Langton Beauclerk left the care of his children, in case of Lady Di's death. To his old friend also, among other legacies, he bequeathed Reynolds' fine portrait of Johnson, in memory of the Oxford days when mutual attachment to "The Rambler" had first drawn them together. Under it he had inscribed

"Ingenium ingens  
"Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

Langton thoughtfully effaced the lines. "It was kind of you to take it off", said the burly Doctor, with a sigh, and then, remembering the antipodal tem-

perament of the two, "not unkind in him to have it put on".

After the loss, the Doctor consoled himself more than ever with Bennet Langton, and with the atmosphere of love and reverence which surrounded him in Langton's house. He had been of old, most welcome of all guests at the family seat in Lincolnshire. "Langton, sir!" he liked to say, "had a grant of warren from Henry the Second, and Cardinal Stephen Langton, of King John's reign, was of this family". Peregrine Langton, Bennet's uncle, was a man of simple and benevolent habits, who brought economy to a science without nigardliness, and whom Johnson declared to be one of those he loved at once both by instinct and reason; Bennet's father, however, was the more diverting character. He had a sincere esteem for Johnson, but looked askance on him for his liberal views, and is said to have gone to his grave believing him a secret, deep-dyed and reprehensible Papist! He once offered the Doctor a living of some value in Lincolnshire, if he cared to take orders, a chance gravely refused. Of this learned, exemplary, but rather archaic squire, Johnson said: "Sir! he is so exuberant a talker in public meetings that the gentlemen of his county are afraid of him. No business can be done for his declamation". For him, too, he coined one of his most amazing words; having heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Langton were averse to having their portraits taken, Johnson observed that a superstitious reluctance to sit for one's picture was among the "anfractuosities of the human mind".

Bennet Langton had married on May 24th, 1770, Mary Lloyd, widow of John, the eighth Earl of Rothes, the stern soldier, in laced waistcoat and breastplate beneath, painted by Sir Joshua. It was a common saying at the time that everybody was welcome to a Countess Dowager of Rothes; for it did so happen that three ladies bearing that

title were all re-married within a few years. Lady Rothes, although a native of Suffolk, had acquired from long residence in Scotland the accent of that country, which Dr. Johnson bore magnanimously on the humorous consideration that, after all, it was not indigenous. She had a good deal of easy dignity and charm, without the vivacity of Lady Di Beauclerk, and kept herself the spring and centre of Langton's tranquil domestic circle. His own grace of character after his marriage slipped more and more into the underground channels of home-life, and so coursed on beneficently in silence. Their children were no less than ten, "not a plain face or faulty person among them": the daughters, *deorum filia*, six feet in height, and the sons so like their "Maypole" father that long afterwards they amused the good people of Paris by raising their arms to let a crowd pass. It was Bennet Langton's cherished plan to have his little tribe educated at home, with their father for tutor, to give both boys and girls, himself "steeped to the lips in Greek", a knowledge of the learned languages, and to force all social engagements to cede to this prime exigency. But the King's tedious joke, "How does Education go on?" worried Langton like the water-drop in the story, which fell for ever on a criminal's head until it had drilled his brain. Again, both he and his wife, when they had moved to Westminster in pursuance of their design, were far too agreeable and too accessible to be spared the incursions of society. In a word, Minerva found her seat shaken and her altar-fires not very well tended, and therefore withdrew. Langton impressed one axiom on his young scholars, which they never forgot: "Next best to knowledge, is to be sensible that you do not know". An entirely superfluous waif of a baby was once left at the doors of this same many-childrend house, to be clothed, fed, and befriended thenceforth by Bennet Langton and Lady Rothes, without one shrug or protest. Dr. Johnson,

who was a favourite of all the small folk, was especially attached to his god-child, whom he called "pretty Mrs. Jane", and "my own little Jenny". The very last year of her life he sent her a loving letter, written purposely in a large round hand as clear as print, signing himself "my dear, your most humble servant, Samuel Johnson".

"Langton's children are very pretty", he wrote to Boswell in 1777, "and his lady loses her Scotch". But again, the same year, compassionately: "I dined lately with poor dear Langton. I do not think he goes on well. His table is rather coarse, and he has his children too much about him". Boswell takes occasion, in reproducing this passage, to reprehend the highly injudicious custom of introducing the children after dinner: a parental indulgence to which he, at least, was not addicted. The Doctor gave him a mild nudge in another place: "I left Langton in London. He has been down with the militia, and is again quiet at home, talking to his little people, as I suppose you do sometimes". While Langton was in camp on Warley Common, in command of the Lincolnshire troops, Johnson spent with him five delightful days, admiring his tall captain's new-born energies, and poking about curiously among the tents. Langton, after his marriage, had fallen into rather extravagant habits, so that the moral of Uncle Peregrine's sagacious living bade fair to be lost on him. Boswell, who had for him but a suspicious and jealous liking, had a quarrel with Johnson on the subject of Langton's expenditure, the record of which shall be subjoined in the biographer's own words: "We talked of a gentleman [Mr. L.] who was running out his fortune in London, and I said, 'We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.' Johnson: 'Nay, sir! we'll send you to him; if your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will'. This was a horrible

shock, for which there was no visible cause. I afterwards asked him why he said so harsh a thing. Johnson: 'Because, sir! you made me angry about the Americans'. 'But why did you not take your revenge directly?' Johnson, smiling: 'Because, sir! I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike until he has his weapons'."

In 1785, Langton came up from Lincolnshire and took lodgings in Fleet Street, in order to sit beside Johnson as he lay dying and hold his hand; and when that large soul had gone away, in Leigh Hunt's beautiful phrase, "to an infinitude hardly wider than his thoughts", his faithful friend, who was wont to shape his words with grace and ease, sat down and penned this letter, more touching than any tear: "I am now sitting in the room where his venerable remains exhibit a spectacle, the interesting solemnity of which, difficult as it would be in any sort to find terms to express, so to you, my dear sir, whose sensations will paint it so strongly, it would be of all men the most superfluous to" . . . and there, hopelessly confused, forlorn, eloquent, it broke off.

Langton succeeded Johnson as Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy, as Gibbon had replaced Goldsmith in the Professorship of Ancient History. He survived many years, the delight of every company to the last. On December 18th, 1801, at Anspach Place, Southampton, "between the walls and the sea", when Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge were yet in their unheralded prime, when Charles Lamb was twenty-six, Byron a dreaming boy on the Scotch hills, and Keats and Shelley little fair-eyed children, gentle Bennet Langton, known to none of these, a loiterer from the march of a glorious yesterday, slipped out of life. "I am persuaded", wrote one who knew him closely, "that all his inactivity, all the repugnance he showed to putting on the harness of this world's toil, arose from the spirituality of his frame of

mind. . . . I believe his mind was in Heaven, wheresoever he corporeally existed". In the ancient church of St. Michael's at Southampton he was buried, with some fond, reverend words of Johnson's, "Sit anima mea cum Langton", on the marble above him.

So went Beauclerk first of the three, Langton last, with the good ghost still between them, as he in his homespun, they in their flowered velvet, had walked many a year together on this earth. The old companionship had undergone some sorry changes ere it went utterly to dust and ashes. Its happy heyday had been in the Oxford vacation, when the Doctor humoured his young liegemen and tented under their roofs, plucking flowers at one house, and romping with dogs at the other; or in 1764, at the starting of the immortal Club, when the two of its founders who had no valid nor pretended claim to celebrity perched on the sills like beneficent genii, with a mission to overrule sluggish melancholy and renew the boyish sparkle in abstracted eyes. How supereminently they fulfilled their self-set task! and what vagaries they roused out of Johnson's profound hypochondria! Did not Topham Beauclerk's mother once have to reprove that august author for a suggestion to seize some pleasure-grounds which they were passing in a carriage? "putting such things into young people's heads"! said she. Where could the innocent Beauclerk's elbow have been at that moment, contrary to the canons of polite society, but in the innocent Langton's ribs? The grey reprobate, so censured, explained to Boswell: "Lady Beauclerk had no notion of a joke, sir! She came late into life, and has a mighty unpliant understanding". Who can forget the Doctor's visit to Beauclerk at Windsor, when, falling into the clutches of that ungodly and game-some youth, he was beguiled from church-going of a fine Sunday morning, and strolled about outside, talking and laughing during sermon-time, and finally spread himself at length on a

mossy tomb, to be told, with a chuckle and a pleased rub of the hands, that now he was as bad as Hogarth's Idle Apprentice? Or the other visit in Lincolnshire, when, after ceremoniously relieving his pockets of keys, knife, pencil, and purse, Samuel Johnson deliberately rolled down a hill, and landed betumbled out of all recognition at the bottom? Langton had laughingly tried to dissuade him, for the incline was very steep, and the candidate scarce of the requisite suppleness. "O but I haven't had a roll for such a long time!" pleaded his unanswerable big guest. Best of all do we know the chronicle of that immortal night when Beauclerk and Langton supped together at a London tavern, and at three of the morning roused Johnson at his Temple Chambers, and brought him to the door fearful but aggressive, in his shirt and little dark wig, armed with a poker. "What! and is it you? Faith, I'll have a frisk with you, ye young dogs!" We remember the inn in Covent Garden, the great brimming bowl, with Lord Lansdowne's drinking song for grace; the hucksters and fruiterers standing staring at the strange figure; the merry boat going its way by oar to Billingsgate, its mad crew bantering the watermen on the river; and two of the roysterers, one as wild as the other, despite a little

disparity of thirty years or so, scolding the other for hastening off on an appointment towards afternoon, "to dine with wretched unidea'd girls"! What genial vagabondism! "I heard of your frolic the other night. You'll be in the 'Chronicle'! . . . I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house"! said Garrick. "As for Garrick, sirs"! tittered the pious Johnson to his accomplices, "he dare not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!"

It is good that the echoes of old mirth should reach us over the barriers of a century. Thanks to Dr. Johnson, with all his "broad and heavy benignity", as Hawthorne called it, for the whimsical gift of his elected "Lanky" and "Beau". Gay Heart and Gentle Heart drove his own blue devils away with their idolatrous devotion; and for us they fill the air of that classic time with such sweet, inconsequent charm, that to whomsoever has but thought of them, that hour London must seem lonely without their idyllic figures.

. . . . "Our day is gone:  
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds  
are done."

There are gods as good for the after-years; but strong Odin is down, and his pair of unreturning birds have flown east and west.

## THE INDIAN IN CANADA.

THERE are few countries whose past is richer in the quality of picturesqueness than that which is now called the Dominion of Canada, and in the brilliant pages of Mr. Parkman the most picturesque figure, despite the impartial fidelity of the portraiture, is undoubtedly the Indian's as he stands forth a prominent actor in every important scene. Not only is his figure picturesque, it is also full of pathos; for while the history of nations presents many examples of a conquered nation absorbing its conquerors, and developing therefrom a national life of increased vigour, the aborigines of the American Continent have had a very different experience. They have accomplished nothing in the way of absorption, but on the contrary have run serious risk of extinction at the hands of their white invaders.

Picturesque, then, and pathetic we may safely permit the Indian to be, but not heroic, or at least not to the extent that he is thus painted in fiction. That we should be ruthlessly compelled to cast away this pleasing illusion of our youth is part of the price we pay for progress in knowledge. Stripped of his paint and feathers and examined at close quarters, the Indian, whether of our day or Frontenac's, manifests few of the qualities that go to constitute a valuable member of society; and although the relations between him and his supplanted in Canada have been from the very outset harmonious and honest to a degree eminently creditable to both, and, as will be hereafter shown, he has received at their hand concessions unparalleled elsewhere, nevertheless it seems too much to expect that he will ever become completely incorporated with the national life, or in the mass rise to any higher status

than that of a ward of the Government.

A survey of the North American Indian's history brings out a contrast between his treatment at the hands of the white man above and below the forty-ninth parallel so striking as to call for explanation. In the first place the English were singularly fortunate in being anticipated by the French in the occupation of Canada; for although some ill-judged and irritating incidents do appear in the latter's treatment of the natives, as, for instance, Cartier's treacherous abduction of Donnacona, and Champlain's shortsighted alliance with the Hurons against the Iroquois, mistakes for which the colonists paid dearly,—still upon the whole, the conduct of the French was such as to reconcile the Indians to their intrusion, and even make them welcome. They readily adapted themselves to the natives' ways, and made but little show of taking hold of the country, confining their territorial acquisitions within such narrow limits as to disarm suspicion of coveting the continent; while in the meantime their trading-posts became points of mutually profitable contact, and their *coureurs du bois*, not disdaining dusky mates, produced a race of half-breeds that constituted a natural bond of peace between the two nations.

Upon Canada passing into the hands of England by the capitulation of 1760, her native inhabitants were at the first, it is true, thrown into a threatening state of alarm and animosity. Nine-tenths of the eastern Indians were in the French interest, for the French had befriended them in their contest with the Iroquois, while the Iroquois had looked to the English to protect them against the French.



These Indians were amazed at the downfall of the French power, and lent a ready ear to the fabrications industriously circulated by crafty emissaries, that this calamity was due to the King of France having fallen asleep, and the British having taken advantage of his slumbers, but that he was now awake again, and his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi to expel the intruders from the country of his red children.

Putting faith in the righteousness of their cause and the ability of their former masters to aid them, the Indians rose under Pontiac in 1763, and a savage war ensued which lasted through two dreadful years. But this, as it was the first, may also be said to have been the last serious embroilment between the natives and their new rulers. The great conspiracy of Pontiac proving fruitless, and the Indians seeing, from the immense military force displayed, that the nation they had to deal with was one fully capable of enforcing its behests, a new era dawned on their relations with British authority, an era of better mutual understanding, fuller sympathy, greater trustfulness; and in the inauguration of this happier state of things the hand of a wise administrator was seen, no other than Sir William Johnson the idol of the Iroquois. This remarkable man arranged in 1764 for a convention of Indian tribes at Niagara, where he prepared wise measures for a treaty of amity, an alliance which resulted in a general pacification. He also exerted himself to regulate and place on a satisfactory footing all matters of Indian trade; and in his negotiations with the tribes, exhibited such a prudent, conciliatory spirit, combined with firmness and moderation, as to gradually gain over their good-will and thus lay the foundation for a friendly feeling towards the British authorities, which, thanks to the unswerving good faith practised by them ever since in all dealings with their aboriginal sub-

jects, has been extending and deepening without check or interruption. Next to their good fortune in being preceded by the French, the English must in justice count their good fortune in having at this critical juncture as the chief of their Indian Department so politic and judicious a man as Sir William Johnson.

The fruits of Johnson's successful mediation were clearly manifested during the Revolutionary war of 1776-77, for in that eventful struggle a large proportion of the western tribes gave valuable aid to the British, the Six Nations under Joseph Brand (who was by the way a brother-in-law of Johnson) being particularly active, as the terrible deeds wrought by them at Oriskany, Cherry Valley, and all along the banks of the Mohawk river, abundantly testify. Looking back from these halcyon days upon those awful massacres, it is not easy to realize that the "Monster of Cherry Valley" and the translator of the New Testament into Iroquois were one and the same person. And yet so it was. The fierce and invaluable loyalty of Brand and his warriors, when it became hopelessly clear that the revolution could no longer be resisted, was rewarded by a tract of land six miles in width along each side of the Grand River in Ontario, and there they settled down to spend the remainder of their days in peace and quietness. Brand himself lived to a good old age, setting a noble example of citizenship to his dusky followers, until he passed away to the happy hunting grounds in 1807.

Not less faithful in their allegiance, nor valuable in their assistance, were the Indians to the British during the troublous times of 1812, when Brand's vacant place found a worthy occupant in the great chief Tecumseh, whose anger against the Americans had been roused implacably by General Harrison's fatal precipitation at Tippecanoe. Being opportunely by the Americans to attend a council to try and arrange for the neutrality of the

Indians in the struggle, Tecumseh replied: "No, I have taken sides with the British and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore before I will recross that river to join any council of neutrality." And he kept his word, falling in a battle at Chatham the following year, pierced by the bullets of Kentucky riflemen while fighting bravely for the British at the head of his warriors.

So far as all the eastern and central portions of Canada are concerned the war of 1812 was the last occasion upon which the Indians inhabiting these districts sharpened tomahawk or sighted musket. So soon as the country had reached a state of settled peace, those Indians to whom the French had allotted reserves were confirmed and protected in their possessions, while with all convenient speed the other tribes were also assigned territorial quarters. In the carrying out of this not altogether easy task, the principle, which has very materially contributed to the marked success of the Canadian policy, was carefully pursued, to wit, the locating of the bands upon small reserves scattered widely over the country, instead of gathering them together in large numbers, hiving them, so to speak, in comparatively few districts. Not only were the different tribes prevented from coming into collision by the intervening white settlements, but they were also prevented from coming into combination. As the colonial population increased there grew up on all sides of the Indian reserves hamlets, villages, and towns, which were their own guarantee of safety. Placed between these the Indians were practically powerless for harm. Any combination on their part could at short notice be hopelessly outnumbered by the colonists, and so clearly did they realize this from the beginning that nothing approaching conspiracy or revolt has ever been detected among them. From the mild Micinaes of Nova Scotia to the more warlike Chippewas and Pottawattau-

nies of the Great Lakes, one and all stolidly submitted to their fate, and maintained relations of unbroken peace with the intruders upon their ancestral domains. So much so indeed has this been the case that although there are to-day nearly thirty-five thousand Indians in these older provinces, yet when one speaks of the Indian policy of Canada the thought naturally suggested is rather of those Indians who from time immemorial have hunted the buffalo up and down the billowy prairies of the boundless west.

The French influence did not of course extend beyond the Great Lakes, and when the English came to deal with the Indians at first hand, as they had to do in opening the north-west for settlements, it is natural to inquire how they fared; and the answer is, not less well, for the same valuable service that was rendered them by the French in the east was performed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the west, and all they had to do was to be faithful in their engagements and firm in their management.

This remarkable Corporation, whose proper title was "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading in Hudson's Bay," began their operations about the year 1677, and thenceforward during two centuries, although occasionally interfered with by the French, held possession of the most stupendous land-property that ever submitted to private ownership, which they took exceeding care to maintain as a fur-preserve. Accordingly while all attempts at settlement were strenuously discouraged, the good-will of the Indians was as sedulously cultivated, with the result that from Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, to Fort McLeod, nestling among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, the lives of their servants and the goods in their forts were as safe from violence as in any civilised community, although some forty or fifty different tribes roamed over the vast hunting-grounds

of whose peltry the Company had a most comfortable monopoly.

When, therefore, the Canadian Government in the year 1869 bought out the Company and took over its territorial possessions, the Indians upon them had by a long course of satisfactory dealings with their white brothers been well prepared to enter intelligently and trustfully into relations with their new masters. True, they were more than a little disturbed at first, partly owing to the stand taken by the Metis or half-breeds of the Red River, who in 1870 combined under Louis Riel to resist the coming of the Canadians, and partly to the sudden influx of white men that came pouring from the east and west into their country. But the first danger was speedily removed by the advent of a little army under the command of one Colonel Garnet Wolseley, of whose distinguished career this expedition was the beginning; and the wise conduct of the Canadian Government, in arranging their alliance with the Indians contemporaneously with the formal establishment of their rule, prevented any trouble arising from the latter source.

The third circumstance which has been so far in Canada's favour with regard to her Indian subjects is that they have not yet been made to feel that they are being crowded out by the white men. To a large extent their favourite hunting-grounds are still left to them, the treaties providing for their freedom to hunt and fish over all lands not taken up for settlement, and thus the most fruitful of all sources of trouble in the United States—namely, the incessant encroachments of the white man upon the red—has been practically unknown in Canada. When the population so increases as to render this process inevitable then will come the testing-time, and then will the Canadian authorities be called upon to pass through the same ordeal that has so severely tried their republican neighbours.

A very interesting chapter of Canadian history is that which concerns the treaties formed with different Indian tribes, and particularly the portion relating to the Indians of the west, to which for brevity's sake I shall confine myself. The first treaty actually effected with the Indians westward of the Great Lakes bears date as far back as 1817, and was rather a private than a public affair, being the work of the Earl of Selkirk, who, having purchased a large tract of land from the Hudson's Bay Company for his settlement, which ultimately became the province of Manitoba, thought it well to secure the good-will of the original occupants of the land, and succeeded so effectually as to obtain the extinction of their title not only to the Canadian portions of their possessions but to a generous slice of United States territory also, extending to what is now Grand Forks in Dakota. It need hardly be said, however, that the earl gained no substantial advantage by this reckless ignoring of geographical divisions.

Since the year 1870 the Canadian Government has concluded seven important treaties with its Indian subjects, and there now remain no red men throughout the whole north-west, inside the fertile belt, whose allegiance and good-will have not been thus secured. In almost every case the Indians were not less anxious for these treaties than were the Canadians. They were filled with uneasiness by the influx of population, and showed a disposition to obstruct the progress of surveyors and settlers unless their rights were first assured to them. Happily no collision ever occurred, but there is no doubt that delay in dealing with them would have been attended with serious consequences. At the conference preceding the first treaty, called the Stone Fort Treaty after the place of meeting, Governor Archibald so admirably expressed in a few simple words the basis upon which the Canadian Government desired to treat with the

dusky children of the plain that it will be well to quote some of his words.

“Your Great Mother, the Queen,” he said, “wishes to do justice to all her children alike. She will deal fairly with those of the setting sun, just as she would with those of the rising sun. She wishes her red children to be happy and contented. She would like them to adopt the habits of the whites, to till land, and raise food, and store it up against the time of want. But the Queen, though she may think it good for you to adopt civilized habits, has no idea of compelling you to do so. This she leaves to your choice, and you need not live like the white man unless you can be persuaded to do so of your own free will. Your Great Mother therefore will lay aside for you lots of land to be used by you and your children for ever. She will not allow the white man to intrude upon these lots. She will make rules to keep them for you so that, as long as the sun shall shine, there shall be no Indian who has not a place that he can call his home, where he can go and pitch his camp, or if he chooses build his house and till his land. When you have made your treaty you will still be free to hunt over much of the land included in the treaty. Until these lands are needed for use you will be free to hunt over them, and make all the use of them which you have made in the past. But when these lands are needed to be tilled or occupied, you must not go on them any more.”

The treaty was not of course concluded without the customary long palaver to bring down to a reasonable figure the extravagant demands of the Indians. In the matter of reserves, for instance, the quantity of lands they asked for each band amounted to about three townships per Indian, and included the greater part of the settled portions of the provinces, and in some other respects their demands were equally absurd. But by means of patience, firmness, and mutual concessions they were finally prevailed upon to accept the following terms, which with variations to suit altered conditions were adopted in all other treaties. For the cession of the country described in the treaty, and comprising the province of Manitoba and certain country to the north-west thereof, each Indian was to receive a sum of three dollars a year in perpetuity,<sup>1</sup> and a

<sup>1</sup> These terms were subsequently increased from three to five dollars, with an additional annuity of twenty dollars to each chief and headman, four headmen being allowed to each tribe.

reserve was to be set apart for each band of sufficient size to allow one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five persons, or in like proportion as each family might be greater or less than five. As each Indian settled down on his share of the reserve and commenced the cultivation of his land he was to receive a plough and a harrow. Each chief was to receive a cow, and a pair of the smaller kinds of farm stock. There was to be a bull for the general use of each reserve. In addition to this each chief was to receive a dress, a flag, and a medal as marks of distinction, and also a buggy or light spring-waggon. Finally a gratuity of three dollars a piece to cover all claims for the past was thrown in, and the bargain completed.

In the following month a second treaty, almost precisely similar in terms, was easily effected at Manitoba Post, whereby a tract of country three times as large as the province of Manitoba was surrendered by the Indians to the Crown. That the confidence of Commissioner Thompson, whose tact and knowledge contributed largely to the success of this treaty, in the good faith of Her Majesty's new subjects was not misplaced, was finely illustrated during Riel's rebellion in 1885, when the utmost efforts of the half-breeds were able to induce but a mere handful out of the many thousand Indians within range to join them in their insane attempt against the peace of the realm. Had the Indians generally taken up the tomahawk, as the Metis counted upon their doing, nothing could have prevented such a storm of fire and blood sweeping across the fertile prairies as would have filled the world with horror. But the vast majority held true to their allegiance, and a most terrible calamity was happily averted.

The work of treaty-making went swiftly, if not always smoothly, on until by the conclusion of the North-West Angle Treaty with the Ojibbe-

way Indians, of Treaties number Four, Five, and Six with the Crees and Saulteaux, and of number Seven with the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, Pégans, and Stonies, the Indian title to the whole of that vast territory extending from the shores of Lake Superior to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains was extinguished, and a promising *modus vivendi* arranged between its red and white inhabitants.

In the course of the often very delicate and difficult negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the treaties there was a fine display of that curious blending of simple childishness with shrewd cunning, of superb gravity with absurd excitability, of haughty reserve with garrulous confidence, which makes the Indian nature so interesting a study. But most striking of all was the stately eloquence which distinguished many of their speeches, an eloquence that might be safely matched with the product of the highest civilization. One of the orators, referring to the mineral wealth of the lands they were asked to surrender, said, "The sound of the rustling gold is under my feet where I stand"; and another chief, in announcing the acceptance of the offered terms, concluded as follows: "And now in closing this council I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birthright and lands; and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun goes round and the water flows." Sweet Grass, who might well be called the silver-tongued orator of the Crees, in signifying their assent to the terms of the treaty, placed one hand upon the Commissioner's heart, and the other upon his own, and then uttered these beautiful words, which, let us hope, contained not only a promise but a prophecy: "May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white man and the red man can stand together. When I hold your hand, and touch your heart, let us be as one. Use your

utmost to help me, and help my children, so that they may prosper."

Not only had the Canadian authorities to reckon with the Indians whom they found within their own borders, but they were compelled by force of circumstances to deal also with the Sioux from the other side of the boundary line, who twice invaded Canada in large numbers, fortunately however not for the purpose of bringing death and desolation with them, but in order to escape the penalties of their wrongdoing on the other side of the boundary line. In the year 1862 the first irruption occurred, a large body of these Indians taking refuge in the Red River settlement after the massacre at Minnesota. Their arrival caused great consternation in the settlement, and every effort was made by both the British and American authorities to induce them to return, but all in vain. They had come to stay, and, inasmuch as they behaved themselves remarkably well, their urgent requests for reserves were in course of time complied with, so that they became permanent additions to the population. So well pleased were they with their treatment, that later on when war broke out between their brethren across the border and the American Government, they flatly refused to have anything to do with it, despite the utmost efforts of the emissaries sent over to obtain their assistance. The report of the Minister of the Interior for 1877 contains this striking passage concerning them: "The Sioux who are resident in Canada appear to be more intelligent, industrious, and self-reliant than the other Indian bands in the North-West."

While the authorities were thus successfully coping with the problem of how to provide a future for their uninvited guests, a fresh difficulty presented itself by the incursion into the North-West Territories of another large body of American Sioux, this time under the head of that famous, or infamous, chieftain, Sitting Bull. The presence of these people was



indeed a source of great anxiety to both Governments, the Canadian authorities dreading lest they should arouse the other tribes, and the American authorities lest they should make their haven across the border a base of operations against their legal guardians. Fortunately, however, the problem solved itself through the agency of hunger. The Canadian Government of course would not provide food for such undesirable visitors; and, as the buffalo began to fail, the greater number of them, though they had all previously refused to listen to any overtures from the Government of the United States, consented, after an agreement had been entered into by the parties as to their future treatment, to return to their own country, so that now only a few remain, and for their return the American Government will, it is understood, endeavour to arrange at an early date.

It is a surprising fact that in spite of all that has been said as to the Indians being a vanishing race, and in the face of sage predictions and pathetic poetry bearing upon their final disappearance, they have positively had the assurance to increase and multiply upon many of their townships and reserves. Thus the historic Six Nations, who are comfortably settled in Ontario, show an increase of sixty-six souls in a total population of 3282 within the year, while in 1836 their numbers were only 2330. They rejoice in the possession of fine farms, good roads, churches, schools, doctors, and in fact every essential of civilization except, I believe, lawyers. They have nearly 30,000 acres of land under cultivation, upon which they raise splendid crops. Near Brantford City there is a training-school, known as the Mohawk Institute, for their special benefit, which is doing excellent work.

Making due allowances for the number of Indians in the band, and the length of time they have been settled upon the reserve, reports equally gratifying are given from

every other part of the older provinces where the Indian is to be found. They are more and more betaking themselves to agriculture, they are showing a livelier appreciation of church, school, and other privileges, and they are with few exceptions maintaining a good report, their one great failing, and it is not peculiar to them as a race, being their inability to resist the temptation to indulge overmuch in fire-water, whenever they get the chance.

The best possible proof of the well-being of the red men is afforded by a comparison of their numbers at different periods, and accordingly I put here side by side the census returns for 1870 and 1886 respectively:

	1870.	1886.
Ontario . . . . .	12,978 . .	17,267
Quebec . . . . .	6,988 . .	12,286
Nova Scotia . . . . .	1,666 . .	2,138
New Brunswick . . . . .	1,403 . .	1,576
Prince Edward Island . . . . .	323 . .	323
Manitoba and the North- West Territories . . . . .	34,000 . .	86,632
Labrador and the Arctic Watersheds . . . . .	22,000 . .	20,000
British Columbia . . . . .	23,000 . .	38,539
	102,358	128,761

In the face of these figures the task of the prophet who would predict the date when the last Indian shall tread upon Canadian soil is so difficult as probably to remain unperformed for some time to come. It will be noticed that the most marked increase in numbers has occurred in the Province of British Columbia. The Indians there are very much superior both physically and mentally to those on the plains or in the other provinces. They are full of enterprise, ingenuity, and independence, and particularly marked by a commercial sagacity, which is altogether lacking in their brethren beyond the Rocky Mountains. They do a thriving trade in fish, furs, and other native products, live peaceably in large villages composed of comfortable permanent dwellings, welcome the missionaries who come to teach them, and make very apt pupils.



The wonderful success of Mr. Duncan's mission at Meltakathla, a work whose grand results have unhappily been almost brought to naught through the injudicious action of the Church he represented, illustrates clearly the superiority of the British Columbian aborigine to the ordinary Indian of the plains.

A few words in conclusion as to the legal status of the Indian in Canada. Captain Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian school of Pennsylvania, said in one of his reports: "I have little hope of much success in elevating the Indians, until the Indian is made an individual and worked upon as such, with a view of incorporating him on our side." This is precisely the view taken by the Canadian Government as illustrated by recent legislation, which recognizes the Indian not merely as an individual, but as a person also. The second section of the Electoral Franchise Act of 1885, contains these significant words: "The expression 'person,' means any male person including an Indian"; and all Indians of the older provinces duly qualified are accordingly given the right to vote in the elections for members of the House of Commons. In the year 1884 the Indian Advancement Act was passed, whereby any band of

Indians who shall show themselves fit are enabled to take upon themselves the full privileges, responsibilities, and advantages of municipal government, and there is farther provision made to meet the case of Indians who may desire to separate their tribal connections and settle down to a life on their own account, an allotment of land from the reserve being granted to such, guarded by conditions preventing alienation or mortgaging. The statute embodying these provisions, although passed some years previously, has much in common with the Indian Severalty Act of Senator Davies which has recently become law in the United States.

With such statutes as have been referred to before us, not only because of what they enact, but because of the spirit they illustrate, it surely is not venturing too much to express the conviction that the Indian is rightly regarded as a permanent, and not a transient element in the national life of Canada; and that the problem of preserving the native race from extinction at the hands of the subjector and settler seems here to offer a fair hope of successful solution.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

## A STORY OF CHIOS.

## I.

A MODERN knight of Malta may still have some touch of the far-off time of the sword and red-crossed cloak, though his way lie through an inextricable tangle of pecuniary difficulties and the fog of vulgar troubles heavily encompass him. Surely he is not less a knight because his social aspirations transcend the moderate expectations of a position far below such merits as, he feels, should entitle him to State-recognition, or, at least, the hand of an unclaimed heiress. And yet, with the modesty of unappreciated worth, he had been content to seek the unpretentious post of Consul at Alexandria, and lo! a vulgar effervescent Italian had carried off the honours under his very nose, in spite of accomplishments and exterior graces that would have adorned a diplomatic corps. So the knight felt exceedingly depressed, and wandered about Constantinople in search of distraction.

Distraction came to him in perplexing and undesirable shape. With this quaint, unconscious touch of old-fashioned chivalry in him, the sight of sorrow or distress left him restless until he had offered a helping hand or a word of sympathy. Those who knew him were fond of arguing against the wisdom of such unconsidered good-nature, and their arguments invariably left him with the same gently uplifted brows and smile of humorous deprecation. If there were fools and sages, he thought on the whole that the fools were pleasanter. Now Fate, if we may help ourselves to the time-worn explanation of unsearchable facts, threw this kindly and susceptible Maltese across the path of desolate girlhood; a pink-cheeked, fair-haired English girl, forlorn, destitute and

unhappy in a foreign land. She did not appeal to him in dramatically tearful distress, but in quiet endurance and a proudly concealed anxiety that was fast verging towards despair; a picture that could hardly fail to play potentially upon the delicate sensibilities of a nature that may be likened to a faint echo of the music of the Middle Ages. Plain, he would have grieved for her; pretty, the pity within him caught flame from love. So he rose, dressed himself very carefully, gallantly shook off doubt, though he gazed pensively into a diminishing purse, and sighed when he thought of the responsibilities the bliss-giving "yes" would entail, and then went boldly forth to plead for it with the traditional fervour of his race.

These were the parents of Tony, who lived with his grandfather on the island of Chios. A bewildering little barbarian, with milky brow and chin, and rosy cheeks so delicately hued beside the red of the short upper lip that was part of his general engagingness; joyous, clear, dark eyes that sometimes looked out of their long lashes with the gentle gravity of his dead father's, and wild wavy hair that was almost fierce and aggressive in its unshaded brilliance of ruddy gold.

His grandfather, Antonio Vallery, wearied of the dissipations and noisy solitude of the charming little town of La Valletta, had long ago retired to dwell in peace upon the island of his ancestors; to smoke and meditate under his own mastic tree, before a broken landscape melting into valley and rising into hill with blue lines of water cutting sharply from the edges of further islands; to cultivate his vines and orchard, and breed long-eared Maltese goats. As a set-off

against this pastoral monotony, there was the cheerful gossip on politics with the inevitable glass of *rakí* or Chian wine at the village grocer's, where the male population of the three neighbouring villages met of an evening to settle the affairs of Europe and glance casually at their own. Among these disputatious politicians Antonio Vallery was a conspicuous and respected personage. He was reserved and good-humoured, with a face quick to light up with a playful, tolerant smile; a tall, powerfully built man, very grey and brown, and severely touched by the many hard lessons he had learnt out beyond this sleepy, blue Egean sea—sorrows and vicissitudes of which he spoke little and remembered with no bitterness. His chief delight, until his solitude was broken by a child's presence, was to sit alone smoking in the garden, when the evening air was enriched by the smell of the mastic and pepper trees, and the sun had gone down behind the hills. The intensity of unbroken silence had fallen upon the land, and, when the boy had brought home the goats, and left the supper prepared, there was nothing for the old man to do but gaze across the shadowed landscape to the dim sea-line, and muse, as old people do, upon the past—upon his absent son, the wedded years he had known in Malta, the unforgotten friends to whom he had been inextricably attached, and on old wounds and troubles that looked so greatly less in retrospect.

On one of these soft and tranquil evenings he was disturbed by the sudden appearance of Aristides, who came running down the rocky torrent-bed from the nearest village, excitedly shaking a letter above his head.

"A letter for you, Antonio Vallery!" he shouted. "Old Peter brought it in his *caïque*, and the post-master sent it up to the village at once."

"Thank you, child," Antonio said very quietly, but the hand that was eagerly stretched forth to take the letter trembled violently.

The letter told the story of sundered lives—of a dead man and a bereaved woman, and spoke of their baby-boy, Antonio's grandson. In a few moments the old man was tearing or his mule down the rocky pathway that led through many straggling villages to the little town of Chios on the sea-coast. His appearance at that unusual hour in the town spread magically a hint of disaster, and when he insisted with imperious gravity on Peter putting out for sea without delay, mentioning with impressive curtness the death of his son, the town poured itself out upon the little pier, and gazed upon him in sorrowful awe,—even the jocose Joanki incapable of anything less sober than an effusive embrace. Independent of his popularity, death absorbed their attention; for, to these simple folk, death is the supremest misfortune, and a visitation to call forth the wild protest of rebellion and the cry of transfixed pain. Their lives are so regular and frugal, so untainted by any taste or habit likely to cut off existence in its bloom, that such a sentence at twenty-nine appeared to them so enormous an injustice as to be beyond comfort or endurance.

A month later Antonio returned with a pale, fair, young woman, the whiter for her mourning robes, with a baby clasped against her, looking out upon the world with large dark eyes full of infant perplexities and surprise. The islanders kissed Vallery on both cheeks in speechless recognition of his bereavement, and shook the widow's hand sympathetically. But Joanki, the Chian humourist, took the child's head in his rough bronzed hands, kissed it, and jocosely placed a finger between the soft small lips. The baby gurgled in delight, and thus they signed their bond of eternal friendship.

They were all anxious to be kind to the pretty widow; they praised her golden hair, marvelled at the fairness of her skin, and bewildered her with a multiplicity of offers of willing nurses. She was grateful, and thanked them in broken Italian, while Antonio stood by,

grave and straight, and interpreted her gentle words, adding thanks of his own, and the smile struggled back into his fading glance as it rested on the child. He waited upon it and upon his daughter, with an interest of watchfulness born of his years of unbroken solitude. But the girl drooped visibly despite his efforts to keep her. She sickened to death, longing for the repose of an English meadow, for the familiar sights and sounds of her farm-home in Somersetshire, and blinded by the fierce perpetual sunshine and the deep glitter of the sea. Her boy's "Mamma" was music in her ears, but it could not numb the persistent agony of this home-sickness, and she faded with the year. As Antonio stood beside her open grave, and flung the customary handful of earth upon the flower-covered corpse while the priest chanted "May it rest lightly upon her," loud groans issued from the breasts of the sons of God (as the male Greek modestly regards himself) who looked down upon this pretty daughter of Man thus cruelly carried away to the Unknown.

## II.

WINTER had swept rapidly across the highlands of the *Ægean*, and the sky now looked as if rain could never again wash the warm blue dim; while under it the sea was a blinding glitter hardly stirred by the sign of motion, cutting with sharp precision into the monotonous clearness of the unshaded landscape. The long daisies waved through the stony broken meadows of the valleys and upon the mountain-sides, breaking their uniformity of colour and of curve, like foam upon green waters. On the wings of the outer winds was borne the strong smell of the sea, mixing invigoratingly with the perfume of the orange blossoms from the gardens, and the more poignant scent of the wild thyme and the aromatic plants of spring. It was evening, when Chios looks fairest in the eloquence of absolute tranquil-

lity and rude charm of shepherd-life. A light dew lay upon the grass-spears, turning the meadows afar into a sea of waveless gray. The hill-tops stood out in clear lines from the vapoury blue, and the shapes of the goats made stains upon the naked rocks and thin spaces of green; the eager pigeons fluttering homeward might have been spots of luminous snow, shot like quivering arrows through the still air, and the silence was enriched by the cheerful twitter of the birds as they trilled and piped their good-night to one another. And over all hung the glamour of the Eastern sunset, deepening the twilight mist that rests upon the olive-groves, and shadowing the purple veil of opening buds upon the young fig-trees.

Down an abrupt shoulder of earth, above a little white village, came two boys. One carried a stick which he grasped with flexible dark fingers, and used to keep in order the band of goats he was driving before him. He wore a brown tunic, long leather gaiters, a fez, and Turkish shoes of red leather, stitched with silver, turned up at the toes and fastened off with bobbins of red floss silk. His companion was slightly taller, and his gun, his hunting-boots, and soft jaunty cap worn sideways, together with a hunting-bag stuffed with game, proclaimed a less peaceable occupation than goat-minding. They were strikingly alike, and the symmetry of the straight, supple, small-waisted figures and the perfect chiselling of the features were memories of an old race now chiefly relegated to these depopulated islands. Beautiful indeed were these boys; each had the same long, grave, dark eyes, that knew not how to laugh, in faces burnt a rich bronze, the unsmiling lips of statues, coldly but beautifully curved, equally expressive of icy reserve and bucolic dulness. Spiro and Saba were the names of these sons of the soil, not, as perhaps might be imagined from their romantic description, fallen princes, or in any way attractive boys. But a Chian

peasant, who knows nothing of the benefits of soap and water, may have the exterior of a Greek god, as Saba and Spiro had, and less soul than the animals he professes such infinite contempt for, as they also had. They were not coarse, for the Greek islander is never coarse, balanced, as he is, with curious soleness, between the barbarian and the gentleman. Simply dull, sober, never hurried, and tinged with cruelty, which in Saba showed itself in his treatment of his goats, and in Spiro in the less active form of strong dislike for all that is physically weak, or sickly, or feminine.

"That is surely Tony's voice," said Saba, with something dimly suggestive through an irreflexive indolence of tone that touched upon unconscious good-nature.

"I dare say. Why do you talk of the fellow? I hate him! I wish those priests hadn't puffed his silly head with a sense of his own importance, by making such a fuss of his singing. Somebody ought to snuff him out, and give us peace."

"I don't know about that. His voice is really beautiful: I could stand here listening to him singing like that for ever. The *pappa* says that somebody has told him boys sing like Tony in the great heretical churches of Europe."

Spiro changed his gun to the other shoulder and flung a glance of dark disapproval, mixed with some anger, down the valley, from which travelled up the clear sweet notes of a child's soprano. Tony was singing a thin Italian melody of small musical worth, but, breaking as it did the evening stillness, it was magically effective. Below, Tony himself might be discerned by a spot of luminous gold through the deepening shadows of the landscape—the head of the little popular idol; the hero of his own village, and the wonder of many another into which his name and adventures had travelled. A charming head it was; and each time Spiro felt compelled to make this admission to himself, his

passive hate for the child was spurred momentarily by an active sting.

"I can tell you, Spiro, Smaragda and mother would not wish to see Tony snuffed out. Joanki always calls him Smaragda's little husband, and mother seems to be of the opinion that unlikelier things have come to pass."

"Who cares for women's thoughts? They are all fools," retorted Spiro, with an impatient movement of his vacant shoulder; like the youthful Telemachus in the absence of Ulysses, he felt himself the head of the house, and held his mother in light esteem.

"All, Spiro? Even Helene Ampilou?"

Saba did not look round at his brother, but his smile expressed quiet enjoyment of his own joke. If Spiro had any latent sense of humour, it did not permit of his relishing any joke aimed at himself, and he regarded Saba's attempts in this department as demonstrative of exceptionally bad taste.

"Helene Ampilou is as great a fool as the rest, unless she may be a greater," he said, with an ugly frown. "The fact that I think she may suit me when we are old enough to marry, and that our parents have betrothed us, does not, that I am aware, add to her stock of brains. I am going to marry Helene because she has a hundred *liras*, and because one must marry somebody, and she is as good as another. That need not change my belief that women are poor creatures, with very long hair and no brains."

Although this had been the opinion of his father, and every male islander shared it, to whom it had been transmitted by a long line of Oriental ancestors, Spiro enunciated it with the severe proud utterance that bespeaks careful meditation and originality. But little, and that not necessarily novel, does duty for originality on a sleepy Ægean island, where there is nothing more responsive to local genius than the impassable rocks and the blue waters.

"True enough," assented Saba, phil-

osophically, while he hit an inoffensive goat between the ears, causing it in fright and apprehension to break the ranks, for the refined pleasure of beating it back. "Christo and I are going to the Jesuit's Church to-morrow to hear Tony sing. Helene will come down too, if her mother will bring her. You will have to come with Helene, won't you?"

"Certainly not; I don't want to hear that yellow-haired brat, and if Helene does, she will have to manage without me. It is quite absurd to hear a boy squeaking and piping like a girl."

Another hard blow sent the nervous goat limping and bleating behind its companions, and Saba, satisfied with his work, turned his spare attentions to the birds by roughly shaking the branches in which they were sleeping as he passed, and winging a feathery frightened cloud into the air.

"You are hard on poor Tony," he remarked after a pause, with that echo in his voice which seemed the answer to a dimly felt and undefinable kindness noticeable whenever he spoke of or to the bright boy. "How can you not like his singing? Listen, is not that like your idea of an angel?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea of an angel, but nothing about that fellow will ever come near it when I do form one," laughed Spiro unpleasantly.

Saba planted his stick upon the rocky goat-path, and stopped to listen to the silvery notes growing shriller as the shining head bobbed up and down in the steep ascent. Spiro thrust out his lips and dragged down the corners in a repulsive sneer, stooped to pick a grass-blade, and as he disappeared under the blackened archway beside the village fountain and washing-tank he muttered, "I'll surely strangle that little beast one of these days."

"Are your goats fond of singing, Tony?" asked Saba.

A small boy, like a flash of light, cleared the low, loose border of stones

that edged the narrow pathway, and stood shaking out his curls and laughing musically with contagious mirth, while he held a white kid pressed affectionately in one arm. The jump and climb had reddened his fresh cheeks, and he looked an engaging picture of a healthy, high-spirited and noble little imp. This minute leader was followed by four sedate brown goats and four frisky black-and-brown kids, that gazed alternately at their mothers and at Tony with speechless assertion of divided affections, impartially rubbing their moist muzzles against the maternal side and against their keeper's blue stockings.

"Of course they are," cried Tony, putting on his cap again, and changing the kid to the other arm. "You should see how sensible even the kids are with me. I make them play, too, and I play with them. Mitzo can't manage them half so well as I do—that's why I help him. I am fond of Mitzo, you know, but then he's such a fool. He does not talk to them, and that's bad for them, you know. Why, Saba, goats want to be talked to and amused just as much as we do. And when they see Mitzo sitting quite silent and dull on a stone, they don't like it, and get cross and troublesome. But they are never troublesome with me. Even the kids do just what I tell them. Just look at this little white fellow. Isn't he a beauty? That's his mother over there."

Saba patted the kid's head patronisingly, and hardly seemed to relish the amiable concession, but Tony was looking at him with his earnest imperiousness of expression, and anything less affectionate would be regarded by him in the light of a distinct offence.

"It is really astonishing how much sense the fellow has," Tony went on explanatorily. "He understands everything. I am going to give him to Smaragda when he is old enough to leave his mother. Kokona Photini said Smaragda might have him."

"But you ought not to give him to



Smaragda if he is so sensible. Girls, you know, Tony, are great simpletons. An intelligent kid like yours would have no chance of finishing his education properly with one of them, eh?"

"Are they really, Saba?" asked Tony with reflective gravity. "But I don't think Smaragda a simpleton," he added, shaking his head. "She is the very nicest little girl in Chios. Grandfather says so, and it isn't the same as if anybody else said it, you know, for grandpapa reads in Italian books, and has lived in Malta, which is a great way off—and he's been to Constantinople, and lots of other places. Grandpapa says she is not beautiful like my mamma, and he must know, but she is prettier than anybody else here, and I know she isn't a bit stupid. She can't ride Pollux, and she's afraid of the sea. That is silly, I think, but oh! she says lots of clever things—cleverer than you do, Saba."

"Oh, does she? Wait till you grow up, Tony, and then you won't think Smaragda so clever."

"Yes, I will. I'm going to marry her when I grow up. I'm very fond of her, and that's why I'm giving her my white kid. Do you know, I was down in town yesterday!"

"Indeed, I heard all about it from Joanki, who says you were carrying on at quite an awful rate."

"Yes, it was just like this," said Tony, with his delicious explanatory air. "Grandpapa gave me a drachma, all to spend myself. Mitzo and I went down to the town 'cause Mitzo had never seen the town before—you know poor Mitzo's mother is not rich at all, and he never has any money, so I promised to treat him. When we were walking down the street we met the Demarch. He stopped and asked me why I was looking so serious, and I said, 'I am thinking how much money I should want to go to England;' and then I asked him if he would not like to go to England, and he said he has always heard that England is a pretty comfortable place for

a gentleman to live in, with lots of money, who didn't mind fogs and no sunshine, but he thought sunshine would suit him better. Then I told him grandpapa had plenty of money, for he had given me a drachma to spend as I liked. And the Demarch laughed and gave me another, and hoped I would not get my head split on a rock, or tumble into the sea and get drowned before I had time to spend it."

"A sensible hope on his part. So I suppose you spent all your fortune—the two whole drachmæ?"

"Yes, I spent it all," Tony said, with a nod. "I bought a splendid red ribbon for the kid. Smaragda won't know which is the handsomest, the kid or its collar. And Mitzo and I went in Marco's boat to see the Saint Sophia, and that cost half a franc. She is a very beautiful ship. Saba, and the captain came down, and shook hands with me, and said I was quite an Englishman, and that I must go to Constantinople when I grow up, and become a Pasha. I said I would consider it, and he laughed, and gave us sherbet and *rahat-ul-koun*. That's how he called it; he says *loukoumi* isn't right."

"Upon my faith, you'll do; a fine enterprising fellow like you won't come to the wall. You will go to see the Sultan next, *Panaghia Mou*. How close and heavy the air is! Well, good-night, Tony. Don't get into any mischief between this and your grandfather's cottage. I will not forget to tell Smaragda about the kid."

Saba, mindful of the supper-hour, hurried through the archway and collected his flock with indiscriminate blows, while Tony jumped and raced among the wet stones of the oleander and myrtle-edged torrent that trended roughly into Vallery's vine-fields, and he noted that the bleat of the goats above the tinkle of their bells, as they ran with him, was beginning to take an anxious and suffering tone.

"I wonder what can be the matter with them," he thought, stopping to

soothe and quiet them. "It does feel very hot, I know, just like summer. There's grandpapa looking at the sky."

When Tony bounded up above the thin line of silver water that curled and swirled in delicate murmur through its shrubs and sedges, night had flung its first arrow into the heart of the dying day, and the west was a river of blood. All the trees had sung their shrill good-night before the woods went asleep. Yet an uneasy dolorous sound broke ever and anon the silence of the land, and there seemed to be a questioning and apprehensive note in the recurring bark of the watch-dogs.

### III.

TONY was as un-Greek as possible; an abnormal and perplexing urchin who might turn out a Christian ornament and might take a high rank with the reprobates, supposing it probable he should survive the hourly and incalculable risks of the wildest childhood.

Greek children are the very opposite of wild. They never run, nor leap, nor shout, nor cut mad capers for pure lightness of heart. They are born old, unexuberant, and steady, and may perchance grow partially young with age. I have known an old Greek to laugh heartily, but never a child. These sit still on chairs in an attitude of complete respectability and antique repose; they do not even dangle their feet, or thrust out a furtive elbow in the neighbourhood of another child; they walk about sedately, and only fall when they are thrown down. Peasant babies delight to stand with their mouths open, staring silently and listening to their elders, the most audacious and sprightly variation of this somewhat monotonous entertainment being a glance of dull meaning between themselves. Conceive then the effect on an unenlightened, unaspiring population of this semi-British, semi-Arabian barbarian, full to overflowing of animal spirits, and yet gentle and soft-natured; alert in

the matter of enterprise frequently touching the skirts of disaster, and quite indifferent to or apprehensive of the possibilities of a broken head or an untimely grave. A breathless, dreadful lad, with unexpected sensibilities and an open-eyed curiosity perpetually tending to awkward questioning that would be content with no baffling conjecture or make-shift explanation, but demanded clear and logical instruction, showing a child's merciless contempt for imperfect information or impotence of any kind.

The Demarch had thought it not improbable that Tony would end by the hand of the public executioner, until his heart was softened by the little fellow's unseizable attractiveness as he stood before him with his chubby hands manfully twisting the contents of his knickerbocker pockets, and discussed the relative merits of England and Constantinople. The Demarch was heard to observe that evening that Tony was a frank and pretty rascal who might be anything yet; and the Aga, to whom this comprehensive opinion had been communicated, observed that English blood is assertive and runs high in enterprise, and that on the whole he preferred it to the French or Greek.

But Smaragda was his loyal and ardent admirer. She was convinced that no such nice little boy had ever before been sent into this world by fay or fairy to catch a nice little girl's fancy. She loved him profoundly; screamed and closed her tawny eyes when he flew past her on Pollux; whimpered in sympathetic pain when she saw him one day tumble off a rock into the village tank; and joined delightedly in his contagious laughter when Marigo, the washerwoman, had roughly rescued him by the leg, and planted him on the path to shake out his dragged plumes.

Indeed with everybody, far and near, Vallery's grandson was a favourite, always excepting the Archbishop, who mistrusted his weakness in catechism, and Spiro, who hated him for reasons

unknown. But the schoolmaster down in Chios loved him perhaps more than all; and in the grocer's shop his destiny rivalled the probable fate of France now that Germany had reduced her to a political pulp, and the relative degrees of rascality in the gentlemen in office at Athens and the gentlemen out.

## IV.

ANTONIO VALLERY was anxiously scanning the sky as his grandson climbed the low garden-wall, and his curiosity was great enough to allow the cigarette which he held in his hand to burn itself out unperceived.

"Do you think it is going to rain, grandpapa?" asked Tony, with that inimitable gravity children brought up in old society acquire, while he stood beside Antonio and watched the sky, too, keeping his hands in his small side-pockets.

"I am fearing something far different, Tony. Rain is a blessing to us, but that sky looks like a threatened crack in our old baked earth."

"Why? What sort of crack?"

"A dreadful one, boy,—an earthquake."

Tony grew very anxious, and puckered his smooth forehead into an expression of ostentatious intensity. They stood together in silence upon the short grassy slope above the torrent-bed, and the inquietude and depression of Nature were felt in the gasping barks of the village curs and farm watch-dogs, in the nervous bleating of goats and penned sheep, and the piteous lowing of the cows in their stables, with the mules and donkeys adding their more noisy protest at this widespread and indefinable uneasiness and alarm. The sky was extraordinary enough to justify both. Mountains of purple shadows had gathered and massed themselves upon blood-red clouds that brought no light with them, but a dense and stifling heat, as if they glowed with inward fire and suppressed their flame. With

each movement the air seemed to grow heavier and hotter, until breathing became almost a tyranny. Not a star glimmered in the field of lurid dusk above, not a sound of life or motion in the trees beneath.

"Grandpapa, what is an earthquake like? Have you ever seen one?" asked Tony, a little frightened, but determined not to show it.

"What is it like, boy?" cried Antonio, with a slight shudder.

"There are hardly words in which to describe it. I tell you there is no evil to approach it in horror. The worst sea is not so cruel as the earth when all the devils of hell are bursting their barriers underneath it, and roaring and howling, and shaking it in their merciless rage, until they succeed in gashing it into the awfulest grave, smothering men, women, and children in the flames of their fire below. I saw such work once done in Sicily. The sky was like that—a sea of blood and fire and gloom. The dull thud underground was like the echo of infernal horse-hoofs tramping through the unfelt air, and the land rocked from side to side like a helpless ship on the wide, waste, deep sea. Ah! but on the water you look your enemy in the face. You see the liquid masses piling up in mountainous waves before you, and you know that they will break into angry foam and swallow you. You can gauge your chances of safety, and mayhap use them, or you can realize the worst. What is that agony, great as it is, in comparison with the appalling sense of feeling and hearing the rock and roar of unseen waves? of not knowing whither to run, how to escape, what to fear? I remember on that dreadful night that, when the swinging ceased, it seemed as if the cord that bound the land were wrenched from east to west in one violent upward jerk, and it lay with the death-rattle in its throat—human forms heaped together under the ruins, trees gashed to their roots, and mighty rocks split open. Oh! an earthquake, Tony! God help us if

that monstrous misery is before us!" he ended, with passionate vehemence.

"Isn't there any one place safer for people than others?" Tony asked with a tearless sob of fright, for his grandfather's words and voice filled him with speechless horror.

"Surely, surely, it is safer for us to be under God's sky, and in the wide empty fields than in a town or village with the added dangers of falling houses and the hustle of panic-stricken people."

"Then it would be worse for Kokona Photini and for Smaragda than for us?" Tony suggested in breathless anxiety.

"I believe so. They are in a narrow street, and the houses are very insecure."

Tony sat down on the wall in his overpowering distress, and tried to think; then he said after a pause, "Grandpapa, had I not better take Pollux and ride down to the village to warn Kokona Photini, and bring them up to stay with us?"

"No, no, Tony. It may be only some freak of Nature, no more easily accounted for than the thousand things that happen daily, and which no amount of learning will help us to understand."

"But if anything happens to show you that it is really going to be an earthquake, like the one in Sicily, you know, won't you let me go?" the little fellow persisted.

"Well, we shall see, lad. In the meantime we may as well have our supper, and leave the goats to Mitzo."

Tony carried his kid into the kitchen, followed by its bleating and nervous mother, and carefully placed it on a piece of old carpet, left for its use beside a heap of dried olive-wood. Turning to the inviting table, with its spotless cloth and home-spun napkins, he proceeded, in spite of fears and tremors, to devour a plate of steaming pillau as only a hungry child can; and when the misythera and dried figs appeared, and he had swallowed his usual allowance of red wine and water,

he felt strengthened enough to resume the conversation.

"I hope nothing will happen to the white kid," he said, as he slowly spread a lump of creamy cheese on bread and crowned it with a dried fig. "It will look so pretty with its new red ribbon, and I am going to teach it lots of tricks for Smaragda. But, I say, grandpapa, I don't a bit like that sky. I wish it would not stay so red and strange. It does not seem right not to see any stars when there is no rain or storm. I am sure I saw a flash of lightning just now,—didn't you, grandpapa?"

"There is no use in anticipating dangers we cannot avert, and against which we are powerless to protect ourselves," said Antonio bitterly, laying down his glass to peer out at the patch of murky red which showed through the branches of the plane-tree before the window. "Go to bed, boy, and try to sleep soundly."

"Are you going to bed, grandpapa?"

"Not just yet: I want to smoke a cigarette and get my thoughts in shape; but young bones need sleep if they are to grow."

"I won't go to bed. I'll stay here, and sleep on the sofa. If the earthquake comes, you'll call me at once, won't you?"

Vallery nodded, and the boy rolled himself up on the sofa, and was soon carried into sweet, dreamless sleep.

It was eight o'clock when Tony fell asleep on the sofa, his pretty flushed face lying like a ripe pomegranate in a bed of sunny curls; and Antonio Vallery continued to watch the lurid gloom of the heavens as the air grew hotter and heavier with its nameless electric forces and currents. Towards midnight the clouds parted and frayed themselves into a line of threads over a rainbow of pale light spanning east and west. A sudden movement of Antonio's chair woke the sleeper, who, seeing at once with widely opened and alert eyes his grandfather's form pencilled clearly in the dim air by the

flicker of the lamp, jumped up, and asked the hour.

"A quarter to one," said Antonio softly, as if fear were a tangible presence to be conciliated and turned away with gentle voice. "I am glad you slept so well, Tony. If there be trouble in front of us, you will face it all the better for rest."

The boy peered eagerly out of the window, and asked: "What does that strange light mean, grand-papa?"

"Nothing good, I fear. It seems to me that the blow cannot now be far off. Such a light as that in the heavens is otherwise inconceivable at this hour."

"May I go at once to Kokona Photini?"

Antonio looked yearningly into the urgent beseeching little face, so imperious in its pleading, so generous in its ardour. He recognized the nobility of the request, and its unselfish purpose, but he dreaded to let the child out of his sight, though it was hardly possible that actual peril would be incurred between the cottage and the village. Still he wavered, and would fain have refused.

"Grandpapa, you promised," Tony pressed.

"Very well," Vallery assented reluctantly. "I don't know why I should forbid you. It is not far, and you will be very careful and not delay?"

Without waiting to give the assurance, Tony rushed off to waken Mitzo, who slept in a tiny outhouse.

"Quick, quick, Mitzo, a lamp! Help me to get Pollux ready. I am in a great hurry to get down to the village yonder."

"It is not morning already, surely," muttered Mitzo sleepily, rubbing his half-closed eyes.

"No, but there is going to be an earthquake, and you must get up quickly," Tony panted.

It was exactly one o'clock when Tony sprang into the saddle, and Mitzo stood at the gate to hold the

lamp until he found his way safely into the jagged path below which fringed the black swirl of water in its rocky torrent-bed. Just as he bent his head under an orange-tree in flower before dropping into the torrent, he felt himself encircled by embracing arms, and looking round inquiringly, his brilliant eyes pierced through the darkness to his grandfather's white and solemn face.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Tony. It is right that you should think of others, but only come back safe to me."

Even in his impatient need of action, he was careful to extricate himself gently from the old man's arms, and cried gleefully: "Of course, grand-papa, I'll come back safe to you. You could not do without your little boy, and I couldn't do without you either."

Tears welled up into his eyes as the prospect of either having ever to do without the other dimly suggested itself to his untrained vision; but he had a mission before him, and he resolutely brushed them away, and recovering himself, added: "Don't be anxious, grandpapa. I'll come back in an hour with Kokona Photini and Smaragda and her brothers. You can give Smaragda my bed—she is small like me; and tell Mitzo not to forget to tie the red ribbon round the kid's throat. Good-night."

He leant forward and patted Pollux bravely. The mule seemed to understand what was expected of him, rendered doubly nervous and sensitive through the sensations provoked by the electrical influences in the atmosphere, and in an instant the rocky slope was crossed, and the dark stream was flying under hurrying feet no less rapid than its downward rush, the hills rising and falling from massy shadow to vague outline as mule and rider shot through the arrowy descent. Pollux, as if realizing by instinct the supreme need of velocity, never swerved or slackened in his mad gallop, as his rider never swerved or blanched in his seat. Now the landscape dropped into



black space, and anon there suddenly emerged out of the infinite shadow long fields and broken walls and ghostly trees shaped in weird indistinctness under the faint glimmer of light rising from the sea across the heavens, and losing itself behind the high peak of Mount Elias. And Tony held his breath in dread that this fierce speed might prove too much for his strength.

At last the unbearable strain of solitude and passionate terror was suspended. He could see the straggling shapes of houses making dim points in the bewildering gloom,—a massy darkness that carried with it the comfort of human brotherhood. And then came the grateful sound under the mule's hoofs of worn and ragged pavement, and the familiar steps and housetops of the village-street greeted his tired eyes like cherished friends. He jumped down, and knocked loudly at Kokona Photini's door. A white cap framing features hardly visible showed itself at a window, and a husky voice called out: "Who on earth is knocking at such an hour?"

"It is I,—Tony. Come away at once, Kokona Photini. Oh, do please, I pray you. Grandpapa says you must—all of you—Smaragda, and Spiro and Saba. You are to stay with us. Come please now. I can't delay," he jerked out.

"God bless my soul! Is the boy gone mad? Where would you have us go at this hour of the night? and what does your grandfather mean by sending a child out like you alone? He is not ill, surely, for he ought to know that you risk your bones quite enough by day."

"No, he is not ill; but he knows there's going to be an earthquake, like there was once in Sicily, and it is more dangerous where there are houses than up in the fields with us. Please come, Kokona Photini. There is no time to be lost. It is quite hot and strange, and the sky has been dreadful to look at all night. I have Pollux

here, and you and Smaragda can ride him," Tony urged, in broken sentences which burst from him with an incoherent vehemence that both startled and convinced Kokona Photini.

"*Panaghia Mou!* This is awful news, child," she cried. An earthquake on these summery isles is an evil too probable for the mere suggestion, even from inexperienced lips, to be received with doubt or indifference. The noise of hurried speech roused Saba, who showed himself quite ready to accept Vallery's view, and acknowledged that it would be safer to be away from the proximity of buildings. This opinion decided his affrighted mother. But as she was retreating to waken and dress Smaragda, she remembered that Spiro had gone down to the town to sleep at the schoolmaster's, with whom he had arranged to go shooting early in the morning.

"Saba, what are we to do about Spiro?" she cried, helplessly holding her head with both hands in her access of sudden maternal alarm. "If we are in danger here, how much worse will it not be for him down there?"

"That is true; mother, but I do not see how we can help him. It is at least an hour's ride, and the mule is lame. Let us hope for the best, and don't stay long dressing Smaragda."

At this juncture Joanki appeared at a window, and roughly inquired how a respectable woman like Kokona Photini could disturb a peaceful village in that unprecedented way.

"I tell you what it is, Joanki, you had better adopt another tone if you want a civil answer," roared Saba crossly. "The matter is simply this, that it looks terribly as if we are on the point of being swallowed alive in an earthquake."

"Christ save us all! What has put such a horrible idea into your head? You are not going to turn joker now, are you?" cried Joanki, blanching through his bronzed skin.

"Just put out your head, and feel how hot the air is. Why, man, you



can almost gather it in your hand, it is so thick. It is not more than a quarter past one, and there is a light over Mount Elias that is neither dawn nor day, with not even so much as a star, much less a moon to account for it."

Kokona Photini emerged from the house into the narrow street, dragging the half-awakened, troubled little Smaragda by the hand.

"Smaragda, you are coming to stay with us," Tony burst out, comforted by the thought. "I told Mitzo to tie the pretty red ribbon round the kid's neck. You'll see it to-night, and you can have it in bed if you like. Aren't you very glad? It is all white and fluffy, and quite soft."

"I don't care a bit about the kid," Smaragda whimpered disconsolately, looking at Tony with a sleepy, fretful gaze, as Saba hoisted her into the saddle. "Mother is crying. She says Spiro will be killed, and I don't care about white kids if no one can save poor Spiro."

"Would you like me to try and save him, Smaragda?" Tony offered, with his impulsive generosity. "I could go, you know, with Pollux. It is not so very far, and grandpapa would not mind if I was very quick. Shall I go?"

"Yes, do go, Tony," said Smaragda, stooping down to lay her short fat arms about his neck. "And please bring Spiro back quickly the way he won't be killed, and I'll love you as much as all that," she cried, opening her arms to their widest, "and lots more as well."

"Don't be sorry for Spiro, Kokona Photini," said Tony, after kissing his small mistress affectionately. "I'll bring him back. Pollux isn't too tired to go quickly, and I won't be very long. You can walk to the cottage if your mule is too lame. I don't mind, I assure you," he protested gallantly.

Hope flashed into the woman's dark eyes, but she held back from expressed consent in womanly pity and tenderness for this pathetic picture of daunt-

less and chivalrous infancy. It was hard to let the child go alone so far, and into what she considered might be actual danger, perhaps death. Yet even harder seemed it to refuse this chance of saving Spiro, her first-born. She looked anxiously and beseechingly at Saba, without the courage to propose the task to him; but he stood apart, ready to lift Smaragda down again when a decision was arrived at, but not at all ready to do what was mutely expected and entreated of him in his mother's glance. He liked his brother, and he liked Tony, but he greatly preferred himself, and had not the least idea of jeopardising his life for any one. So he stood apart, quietly tugging at an invisible moustache, and watching the sky.

Without a word Tony sprang into the saddle when Smaragda had been lifted down, and turning back his head as the mule set into a preliminary canter, he cried out that he and Spiro would surely overtake them before they should reach the cottage.

Just as he was riding away, Joanki came into the street, and broke into savage expostulation with Kokona Photini and Saba for letting a mere child ride down to the town at such an hour alone, and with possible catastrophe hanging over his innocent head. Whereupon little Smaragda began to cry, and refused to be comforted until the good-natured carpenter sent a piercing call after Tony. But it was too late now for hope of effectual interference. Pollux had carried Tony with the same breathless speed into the blackness beyond the village street which closed behind them like a heavy curtain.

V.

THE regular beat of hoofs down the hilly roadway leading to the town was the only sound that broke the intensity of silence, in muffled tread or in loud clear tramp as the path rose and fell in its indented decline. Not a breath of wind made music through the trees, or blew the lightest hedge-

plume across the fields; not a frog croaked in startled companionship among the sedges of the valley-streams; and only now and then a thin faint murmur like the echo of falling water travelling from afar was heard in the overwhelming suspension of all cheerful night-noises. Again the stones and dust flew round them, and Tony sometimes struck his head against the low fig-branches that sprawled their intricately enlaced arms across the orchard limits, and filled up the narrow path to the impediment of mule and rider, or he entangled his foot in the myrtle and oleander bushes, and the nettles stung through his stockings, and drew from the tightened lips a cry of fierce, hot pain. But in spite of bruise and sting, in spite of startled pulses hammering frantically round throat and temples, of aching lids strained their widest in the multiplicity of unformed terrors and emotions that partially stunned his imagination, in spite of the thick enveloping shadows through which he was speeding in a sickening vagueness of alarm, he rode on like a brave little knight, mindful only of his promise and his mission. To add to his sufferings an agony of thirst grew upon him, and as a village rose and sank behind him the sense of loneliness seemed to lie upon him as more and more cruel and intolerable.

He shouted aloud in the might of joy when at last he saw the harbour-lights break upon the widening view, and he strained his eyes to distinguish those of his new acquaintance, the Saint Sophia. The town clock at that moment struck the third quarter of the hour—how pleasant was the familiar sound after the agonizing silence! He pulled his remaining forces together, and tried to cheer Pollux whom he felt to be as nervous and as impressed with nameless horror as himself, and the mule's answer to his caress was one last wild effort, carrying him like a shadowy phantom to the schoolmaster's door; and he stood there snorting and panting in

troubled protest, his brown flanks flaked with foam, and grey where the dust lay thick upon them. Tony himself was so spent with fatigue that with difficulty he lifted himself out of the saddle, and dropped upon the pavement in stiff and nerveless exhaustion. By a supreme exertion he was enabled to knock feebly for admittance.

The schoolmaster was awake, and heard the knock. He opened the window, and peered inquiringly outside. "Who is there?" he asked.

"Tony. Let me in quickly. I am so tired, and I want Spiro."

The schoolmaster ran down stairs, and stared in blank amazement to see the child huddled upon the pavement. He lifted him into his arms, and carried him inside.

"What is the matter, Tony?" he asked, under his breath.

"There is going to be an earthquake! Don't you feel it in the air? It is awful outside. I can't breathe."

Tony pressed his little hands over his face in a dazed way, and then fell down on the floor, and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"There is indeed something very strange in the atmosphere," said the schoolmaster, stooping down to pat the curly head at his feet. "I could not sleep, and Spiro has been upset all the evening as a nervous girl. But who on earth sent you down? It was a piece of shameful cruelty—poor little fellow!"

"Grandpapa sent me to Kokona Photini's to tell her to come and stay with us because it is safer than her house," Tony said, making a violent effort to keep down the sobs that shook him. "And they were all so sorry because nobody could come for Spiro. Smaragda was crying, so I said I would come with Pollux. Please don't delay. Tell Spiro. Pollux and I are dreadfully tired, and it is getting worse every minute."

The schoolmaster rushed up stairs, and shook Spiro roughly out of his uneasy sleep.

"Cannot you let me alone? It is

not time to get up yet!" Spiro muttered angrily.

"Get up at once," the schoolmaster cried, in an authoritative tone. "Valley's little boy is here for you."

"What does he want? I have nothing to do with him. Tell him to go to the devil, or anywhere else he likes."

"Spiro, they are all waiting for you—your mother and Smaragda. They sent me for you. Please come," urged Tony, in a faint whisper, who had crept up after the master.

"Be off, you young monkey! How dare you come after me!" roared Spiro, in an unaccountable rage.

"Don't be disagreeable, Spiro. Grandpapa says there is going to be an earthquake, and it may swallow us up any moment. It is hard to come all this way by myself, and I so small and frightened, to save you, and be treated like this," gasped poor Tony, breaking down completely in a wave of self-pity.

"What is he talking about?" shrieked Spiro aghast, as he sat up and glared at the schoolmaster, who was holding Tony pressed to him and tenderly drying his eyes.

"It is on your knees you ought to thank the noble child," said the schoolmaster wrathfully. "Let us lose no time. I have just been looking at the sky, and it is as he says; it forebodes an earthquake."

Spiro flung himself out of bed, and began to dress hastily. He was familiar with the horrible pictures wrought upon the imagination by the very word earthquake, and his mind was a blank equally to good thoughts and to evil. That Tony had, open-eyed and deliberately, imperilled his own life to save him he remembered not; he was even capable of feeling a sharp irritation when the child stood between him and the long leather boots he was seeking, and burst into some puerile invective as he rudely pushed him aside.

In silence the three darted into the empty street, the master holding Tony

convulsively by the hand, and they heard the rush of a mighty invisible wave pass with a muffled roar through the heavy stillness of the air. At that moment the strained nerves of Pollux gave way, and he flew over the pavement, neighing and clanking his hoofs like a spirit possessed.

"*Thè Mou!*" cried Spiro, crossing himself energetically. "This is the first shock, and Pollux has fled."

The clangorous beat of the town-clock striking the hour trembled prophetically, and the second note was followed by an uncertain tingle of fainter notes. Spiro and the master were white with terror, but Tony had passed beyond conscious sensation and ran with them in a dream.

Eastward and westward shook the earth upon the sulphurous billows of its underdeeps, and in a flash the houses emptied themselves of frantic and terrified inhabitants, hustling, racing with the unseeing eyes of panic, shrieking out every form of propitiatory adjuration which rose to their colourless lips and served as an outlet of impotent anguish. A second swing, mightier and longer than the first, flung Tony and Spiro prostrate as they turned the angle of the street, and the schoolmaster, in starting back to balance himself against a wall, saw an old woman waving her hands in tragic despair and helplessness from a window above on the opposite side. In the pause of transient steadiness, he called out to Spiro to help Tony, and bounded up the rickety staircase.

"Poor Tony! I'll carry you if you like," said Spiro in a changed voice, suddenly awakened to the piteous condition to which fright and fatigue had reduced the brave child.

"No, no. I am only tired. Don't mind me. Smaragda was crying for you, and so was your mother. Run on quickly to them. I'll come afterwards. And please remember to tell grandpapa that I am all right, and not to be uneasy about me," Tony answered, catching his breath in long gasps.

Selfishness, alas! silenced the voice of a generosity hardly ever quite absent in the worst of us, though its presence too often takes a shape so dim and inarticulate as to be incapable of beneficially asserting itself, and Spiro thus magnanimously exhorted, gained with incredible celerity the stony ascent leading from the town; heedless of the rock-points piercing his boots, heedless of the sharp sting of nettles and the scratch of briars, heedless of the small clamour of conscience pleading for a forlorn and forsaken child; pursued by the deafening, merciless roar of an underworld bursting its barriers. As onward he ran, pricked into passion by the animal instinct of self-preservation, the swing of the land grew more ominous, and a flame of violet colour broke in clear lines along the inky horizon.

The schoolmaster, carrying the old woman in his arms, was dashed like a feather upon the strong wave from the wall to the balustrade, as he strove to make his way down the staircase that rocked like a ship. He reached the street in safety, only to find Tony at his feet, prone upon the doorstep, with the life-blood flowing steadily from his fair young head. He planted the woman on her feet, and stooped over the wounded child: he lifted him into his arms, and touched the little bleeding head with infinite tenderness.

"Tony! My poor, poor Tony! Is this the reward for all your bravery?" he cried, and he saw the unconscious form through a mist of hot and blind tears.

The change of attitude restored Tony for a moment to half-consciousness. He opened his large, dazed eyes, beautiful and beseeching in their fading light, and fixed them inquiringly and yet confidently upon the master.

"Please don't ask me to walk any more. I am so tired," he said dreamily. "Has Spiro gone? I promised Kokona Photini she would see him soon, and I don't want Smaragda to be sorry about him. The kid wouldn't comfort her if he was lost, and I can't go to her,—at

least not yet. Let me rest a little, and then we can go back with Pollux. Poor Pollux! He won't like my being so tired, will he? But then he is tired too. We came dreadfully quick, on purpose to be in time. And I was so frightened by myself in the dark. I didn't mean to be frightened, but I couldn't help it. You won't tell grandpapa, because it would fret him. So tired, so very tired."

His voice faded away into the merest whisper, and he closed his eyes in seemingly painless repose. He opened them again, and stared dully into vacancy.

"I have a pretty red collar for the white kid. I hope Smaragda will like it."

The schoolmaster rose, and struggled slowly with his burden up a lane. His own failing strength and overmastering emotions made the journey one of much difficulty. Tony stirred slightly in the movement, and looking down, the schoolmaster could see, through the glimmering twilight shed from the disturbed heavens, some vague consciousness of gaze, yearningly seeking his own with the exquisite intangibility of expression that looks out of eyes growing dim upon the borderland of eternity.

"What is it, Tony?" he asked, bending down his face.

"Tell Mitzo to take care of Pollux. I can't think what my grandpapa will do without his little boy if—if I am too tired to go home. Tell him—tell him I wanted to go back to him very badly, but—but—"

"Tony, won't you try to pray with me—just a little?" the schoolmaster asked, in a voice thick with tears. "Try to say 'Our Father' with me."

The boy moved his eyelids tremulously in a faintly affirmative sign, and the schoolmaster recited the prayer very slowly. When he said "Give us this day our daily bread," Tony interrupted him softly: "No, don't say that. We don't want bread now. Say, please, 'Save everybody from the earth—"

quake, and be good to my dear grand-papa, and Smaragda, and Mitzo, and—"

As the schoolmaster made the pretty alteration, the country now lay before them, and only a few houses remained to be passed.

"Like the earthquake there was in Sicily," Tony murmured; and as the schoolmaster stooped to catch the low words, the third and most terrible shock struck underneath. A near wall gave way, split, swayed, and fell upon the man and child, burying them under a heap of stones.

It was a quarter past two, and the shrieks and prayers of agony were silenced, for the town of Chios was one grave and hospital, death, ruin, and desolation stamped upon it.

#### VI.

Spiro's appearance alone at Antonio's cottage even dashed Kokona Photini's maternal satisfaction with dismay, and while she held in abeyance the trembling ecstasy of her joy to inquire for Tony, and Smaragda stood, with the white kid in her arms, searching in perplexity and distrust for a slim little form behind her brother, and Mitzo's voice was lifted in a dismal howl of anticipation, Antonio Vallery looked sternly from the gate, at which no bright imperious face framed in golden curls appeared, to Spiro, and waited for an explanation.

"My grandson? Where is he?" he demanded quietly.

"He is coming with the schoolmaster. He begged me to run on to reassure you, as he was so tired," said Spiro awkwardly.

"God forgive you, Spiro, for deserting a child who so nobly risked his life for you; and God forgive you, Kokona Photini, for sending my little Tony out into danger. If my life is made desolate by his loss, the crime will lie heavily on your consciences."

Every one felt that the measured words held a curse in them, and crossed themselves as in silence the old man passed out through the little

orchard and went on to look for his grandson.

Antonio heard the patter of childish feet behind him, and a soft little hand was pleadingly thrust into his. Looking down, he encountered Smaragda's tawny eyes, piteously distended through their undried tears, and distressful enough to appease even a sorrow as immeasurable as his.

"Please take me with you, Antonio Vallery. I want to find Tony too, for I love him,—oh, yes, ever so much more than I love anybody else except mother. Take me please, Antonio Vallery. I'll be very good, and not get tired, I promise."

The old fingers closed gently upon the child's, but no further word was spoken. Antonio Vallery accepted the little girl's company half-unconsciously, and together they turned their faces towards the ruined town. Dawn was breaking in the east when they entered the first narrow lane, and Smaragda's quick eyes caught sight of something bright and red-stained.

"Look, Antonio Vallery!" she cried excitedly. "It is the colour of Tony's hair,—just like a glittering *lira*."

Antonio stared down at the object in dull inquiry: then he knelt on the pavement, and began eagerly to lift the stones that encumbered it—and saw the schoolmaster's dead form clasp, not the flushed and joyous Tony known to all Chios, but a stiff small corpse, stained with blood and dust, pretty still to look at even under the ghastly veil of death without its poetry of soft sleep. Antonio gathered the lifeless body into his arms, and bent over it with the prolonged and inarticulate moan of a dumb creature. The blank incoherence of his grief was incapable of bringing any sharp sensation of bereavement or recognition. He passed his hand tenderly over the cold little face, and then held the curly head between his palms, and gazed at it with hungry, unfathomable yearning for one glimmer of existence beneath the lids that never more would open



on the dark frank eyes they hid. He kissed the curls, and pressed them to his cheek in speechless anguish, shedding no tear, speaking no word, but staring down at the pretty familiar lineaments so unreal in their stillness, not long ago full of life and vigour and rich promise, now irresponsive beneath his gaze of searching pathos.

The little girl sat on the ground beside him, her wide eyes fixed in intense fear and awe, now on Antonio and now on his burden, wondering what had happened to her playmate, and yet not daring to ask.

"Dead! My poor Tony dead!" Vallery muttered.

The men who were carrying the wounded and dead out of the wrecked houses and narrow streets passed them, and stopped to lift the corpses of Tony and the schoolmaster on a stretcher, too thankful that they had survived to perform this task to feel any strong interest in Antonio's desolate state.

"Hands are few, and work is heavy," one of them cried callously. "The one grave will serve both."

Antonio stretched forth his arms in trembling prayer as the little body was roughly taken from him. And when he had watched it being carried away, he turned back from the empty

town, and gave no thought to the silent and grieved child who walked beside him.

"Poor Tony!" said the Demarch that evening, when he called on the Aga to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in escaping the disasters of that awful night, and found that mighty personage tranquilly smoking his narghilia, having rendered thanks to Allah and Mohammed his prophet for the preservation of a remnant of his goods. "A brave little fellow, who died very nobly. Bless you! I can see him now standing before me on the quay with his hands in the pockets of his sailor-suit, and his pretty curls blowing all about his face like a girl's, asking me if I wouldn't like to go to England. An English boy from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

The Aga opened his calm, impassable eyes upon the exuberant Greek, settled himself back among the cushions, and slowly and meditatively puffed his narghilia.

"That boy had the soul of a gentleman," he presently remarked, and then relapsed into ecstatic silence.

HANNAH LYNCH.

## THE BLOODY DOCTOR.

(A Bad Day on Clearburn.)

THOU askest me, my Brother, how first and where I met the Bloody Doctor! The tale is weird, so weird that to a soul less proved than thine I scarce dare speak of the adventure.

This, perhaps, would be the right way of beginning a story (not that it *is* a story exactly), with the title forced on me by the name and nature of the hero. But I do not think I could keep up the style without a lady collaborator; besides I have used the term "weird" twice already, and thus played away the trumps of modern picturesque diction. To return to our Doctor: Many a bad day have I had on Clearburn Loch, and never a good one. But one thing draws me always to the loch when I have the luck to be within twenty miles of it. *There are trout in Clearburn!* The Border angler knows that the trout in his native waters is nearly as extinct as the Dodo. Many causes have combined to extirpate the shy and spirited fish. First, there are far too many anglers:

"Twixt Holy Lee and Clovenfords,  
A tentier bit ye canna hae",

sang that good old angler, now with God, Mr Thomas Tod Stoddart. But between Holy Lee and Clovenfords you may see half-a-dozen rods on every pool and stream. There goes that Leviathan, the angler from London, who has been beguiled hither by the artless "Guide" of Mr. Watson Lyal. There fishes the farmer's lad, and the school-master, and the wandering weaver out of work or disinclined to work. In his rags, with his thin face and red "goatee" beard, with his hazel wand and his home-made reel, there is withal something kindly about this

poor fellow, this true sportsman. He loves better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep; he wanders from depopulated stream to depopulated burn, and all is fish that comes to his fly. Fingerlings he keeps, and does not return to the water "as pitying their youth". I am the last man to grudge him his sport as long as he fishes fair, and he is always good company. But he, with all the other countless fishermen, make fish so rare and so wary that, except after a flood in Meggat or the Douglas burn, trout are scarce to be taken by ordinary hands. As for

"Thae reiving cheils  
Frae Galashiels,"

who use nets, and salmon roe, and poisons, and dynamite, they are miscreants indeed; they spoil the sport, not of the rich, but of their own class, and of every man who would be quiet, and go angling in the sacred streams of Christopher North and the Shepherd. The mills, with their dyes and dirt, are also responsible for the dearth of trout.

"Untainted yet thy stream, fair Teviot,  
runs",

Leyden sang, but now the stream is very much tainted indeed below Hawick, like Tweed in too many places. Thus, for a dozen reasons, trout are nigh as rare as red deer. On the Border, nay, even in St. Mary's Loch, they are not plentiful, and they are very wily. Before boats were put on the loch it occasionally chanced that a trout which knew not the artificial fly came within casting distance of the shore, but now the anglers from boats have taught them about everything which it is undesirable that a trout should know. Clearburn alone

remains full of unsophisticated fishes, and I have the less hesitation in revealing this, because I do not expect the wanderer who may read this page to be at all more successful than myself.

To reach Clearburn Loch, if you start from the Teviot, you must pass through much of Scott's country and most of Leyden's. I am credibly informed that persons of culture have forgotten John Leyden. He was a linguist and a poet, and the friend of Walter Scott, and knew

"The mind whose fearless frankness naught  
could move,  
The friendship, like an elder brother's  
love."

We remember what distant and what deadly shore has Leyden's cold remains, and people who do not know may not care to be reminded.

Leaving Teviot, with Leyden for a guide, you walk, or drive,

"Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads  
with sand,  
Rolls her red tide,"

not that it was red when I went, but  
*electro purior*.

"Through slaty hills whose sides are shagged  
with thorn,  
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark  
green corn,  
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the  
vale".

And very dark green, almost blue, was the corn in September, 1888. Upwards, always upwards, goes the road till you reach the crest, and watch far below the wide champaign like a sea, broken by the shapes of hills, Windburg and Eildon, and Priesthaughswire, and "the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw," and Penchrise, and the twin Maidens, shaped like the breasts of Helen. It is an old land of war, of Otterburn, and Ancrum, and the Raid of the Fair Dodhead; but the plough has passed over all but the upper pastoral solitudes. Turning again to the downward slope you see the loch of Alemoor, small and sullen, with Alewater feed-

ing it. "It is reckoned the residence of the water-cow," a monster like the Australian Bunyip. There was a water-cow in Scott's loch of Cauldshiels, above Abbotsford. The water-cow has not lately emerged from Alemoor to attack the casual angler, and you climb again by gentle slopes till you reach a most desolate tableland. Far behind it is the round top of Whitecombe, which again looks down on St. Mary's Loch, and up the Moffat, and across the Meggat water, but none of these are within the view. Round are *pastorum loca vasta*, lands of Buccleuch and Bellenden, Deloraine, Sinton, Headshaw, and Gluck. On the right lies, not far from the road, a grey sheet of water, and this is Clearburn, where first I met the Doctor.

The loch, to be plain, is almost unfishable. It is nearly round, and everywhere, except in a small segment on the eastern side, is begirt with reeds taller than a man. These reeds, again, grow in a peculiarly uncomfortable quaggy bottom, which rises and falls, or rather which jumps and sinks when you step on it, like the seat of a very luxurious arm-chair. Moreover the bottom is pierced with many springs, wherein if you set foot you shall have thrown your last cast.

By watching the loch when it is frozen a man might come to learn something of the springs, but even so it is hard to keep clear of them in summer. Now the wind almost always blows from the west, dead against the little piece of gravelly shore at the eastern side, so that casting against it is hard work, and unprofitable. On this day, by a rare chance, the wind blew from the east, though the sky at first was a brilliant blue, and the sun hot and fierce. I walked round to the east side, waded in, and caught two or three small fellows. It was slow work, when suddenly there began the greatest rise of trout I ever saw in my life. From the edge of the loch as far as one could clearly see across it, there was one endless plashing mur-

mur, of all sounds in this world the sweetest to the ear. Within the view of the eye, on each cast, there were a dozen trout rising all about, never leaping, but seriously and solemnly feeding. "Now is my chance at last," I fancied, but it was not so, far from it. I might throw over the very noses of the beasts, but they seldom even glanced at the (artificial) fly. I tried them with Greenwell's Glory, with a March brown, with "the woodcock wing and hare-lug," the "mouse body and laverock wing," but it was almost to no purpose. If one *did* raise a fish, he meant not business, all but a casual brute which broke the already weakened part of a small "glued up" cane rod. I had to twist a piece of paper round the broken end, wet it, and push it into the joint, where it hung on somehow, but was not pleasant to cast with. From twelve to half-past one the gorging went merrily forward, and I saw what the brutes were rising at. The whole surface of the loch, at least on the east side, was absolutely peppered with large hideous insects. They had big grey white wings, bodies black as night, and brilliant crimson legs, or feelers, or whatever naturalists call them. The trout seemed as if they could not have too much of these abominable wretches, and the flies were blown across the loch, not singly, but in populous groups. I had never seen anything like them in any hook-book, nor could I deceive the trout by the primitive dodge of tying a red throat round the shank of a dark fly. So I waded out, and fell to munching a frugal sandwich, and watching Nature, not without a cigarette.

Now Nature is all very well. I have nothing to say against her of a Sunday, or when trout are not rising. But she was no comfort to me now. Smiling she gazed on my discomfiture. The lovely lines of the hills, curving about the loch and with their deepest dip just opposite where I sat, were all of a golden autumn brown, except in the violet distance. The

grass of Parnassus grew thick and white around me with its moonlight tint of green in the veins. On a hill-side, by a brook, the country folk were winning their hay, and their voices reached me softly from far off. On the loch the marsh-fowl flashed and dipped, the wild ducks played, and dived, and rose; first circling high and higher, then marshalled in the shape of a V they made for Alemoor. A solitary heron came quite near me, and tried his chance with the fish, but I think he had no luck. All this is pleasant to remember, and I made rude sketches in the fly-leaves of a copy of Hogg's poems, where I kept my flies. But what joy was there in this, while the "take" grew fainter, and ceased, at least near the shore? Out in the middle, where few flies managed to float, the trout were at it till dark. But near shore there was just one trout who never stopped gorging all day. He lived exactly opposite the nick in the distant hills, and exactly a yard farther out than I could throw a fly. He was a big one, and I am inclined to think that he was the Devil. For, if I had stepped in deeper, and the water had come over my wading-boots, the odds are that my frail days on earth would have been ended by a chill, and I knew this, and yet that fish went on tempting me to my ruin. I suppose I tried to reach him a dozen times, and cast a hundred, but it was to no avail. At length, as the afternoon grew grey and chill, I pitched a rock at him, by way of showing that I saw through his fiendish guile, and I walked away.

There was no rise now, and the lake was leaden and gloomy. When I reached the edge of the deep reeds I tried, once or twice, to wade through them within casting distance of the water, but was always driven off by the traitorous squaginess of the soil. At last, taking my courage in both hands, I actually got so near that I could throw a fly over the top of the reeds (which were as tall as the rod), and then came a heavy splash,

and the wretched little broken rod nearly doubled up. "Hooray, here I am among the big ones!" I said, and held on. It was now that I learned the nature of Nero's diversion, when he was an angler in the Lake of Darkness. The loch really did deserve the term "grim"; the water here was black, the sky was ashen, the long green reeds closed cold about me, and beyond them there was a trout that I could not deal with. For when he tired of running, which was soon, he was as far away as ever. Draw him through the forest of reeds I could not. At last I did the fatal thing. I took hold of the line, and then—"plop", as the poet said. He was off. A young sportsman on the bank who had joined me expressed his artless disappointment. I cast over the confounded reeds once more—splash—the old story! I stuck to him, and got him into the watery wood, and then he went where the lost trout go. No more came on, so I floundered a yard or two further, and climbed into a wild fowl's nest, a kind of platform of matted reeds, all yellow and faded. The nest immediately sank down deep into the water, but it stopped somewhere, and I made a cast. The black water boiled, and the trout went straight down, and sulked. I merely held on, till at last it seemed "time for us to go", and by cautious tugging I got him through the reedy jungle, and "gruppit him", as the Shepherd would have said. He was simply but decently wrapped round, from snout to tail, in very fine water-weeds, as in a garment. Moreover he was as black as your hat, quite unlike the comely yellow trout who live on the gravel. It hardly seemed sensible to get drowned in this gruesome kind of angling, so, leaving the

Lake of Darkness, we made for Buecleugh, passing the cleugh where the buck was ta'en. Surely it is the deepest, the steepest, and the greenest cleugh that is shone on by the sun! Thereby we met an angler, an ancient man in hodden grey, strolling home from the Rankle Burn. And we told him of our bad day, and asked him concerning that hideous fly, which had covered the loch and lured the trout from our decent Greenwells and March browns. And the ancient man listened to our description of the monster, and he said: "Hoot, ay, ye've jest for-gathered wi' the BLOODY DOCTOR".

This, it appears, is the Border angler's name for the horrible insect, so much appreciated by trout. So we drove home, when all the great tableland was touched with yellow light from a rift in the west, and all the broken hills looked blue against the silvery grey. God bless them, for man cannot spoil them, nor any revolution shape them other than they are. We see them as the folk from Flodden saw them, as Leyden knew them, as they looked to William of Deloraine, as they showed in the eyes of Wat of Harden, and of Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dod-head. They have always girdled a land of warriors and of people fond of song, from the oldest ballad-maker to that Scotch Probationer who wrote

"Lay me here, where I may see  
Teviot round his meadows flowing,  
And about and over me  
Winds and clouds for ever going".

It was dark before we splashed through the ford of Borthwick Water, and dined, and wrote to Mr. Anderson, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, for a supply of Bloody Doctors.

A. LANG.



## THE PRACTICE OF LETTERS.

I HAD decided, my dear George, for many reasons to discontinue our literary correspondence, which appears from your account, and greatly to my regret, to have given so much offence to your young friends on the newspaper press. But men, even as mice, are the creatures of circumstances, and some circumstances of these latter days have moved me to reconsider my decision. You will observe that I have slightly changed the style of my title. This has been done partly for prudence' sake, to advertise the removal of the old cause of offence; but more because it better signifies my present purpose in writing. My earlier letters were designed to indicate in a general way my interpretation of your phrase—the Profession of Letters: I wish now to offer a few observations on some particular points in its practice. These points are at present two: I will call them fallacies, as marking, that is to say, certain popular errors which seem to me in one case decidedly mischievous, in the other merely tiresome, though tiresome in an extreme degree. The first of these I shall call the Fallacy of the Student.

The sentence lately passed on a publisher who has been for some years comfortably taking advantage of our somewhat wide interpretation of a homely old Dutch proverb (for which, if you are curious, you may consult a letter written by an English king to his sister) was vastly satisfactory in every way, and not least satisfactory for the offender's timely confession of his misdeeds. By so doing he made perhaps the only gratuitous reparation in his power, for he not only thereby checkmated those able editors who spied a golden harvest in the reports of so racy a trial, but also most effectually deprived the English worshippers

of the great Parisian goddess of a rare chance for advertising their claims to the crown of martyrdom.

I will not insult your intelligence by explaining the real *gravamen* of the offence, or the irrelevancy of the conclusion (even were the premisses less false than they are) which some apologists have tried to draw from the impunity allowed to certain translations from works of an older time. Nor can it be necessary to press the fatuity of the plea that because these things have been they should continue to be, or that because we have been remiss in one case we must be content to remain remiss in all. As well might it be argued that because the sanitary-inspector had overlooked one case of nuisance he had no right to bring another to book. It was natural of course that these arguments should be advanced by the party who advocate what they are pleased to call the liberty of the subject, by which they appear to mean, so far as they can be said to have any meaning at all, full license to insult, annoy, and injure their respectable neighbours in whatsoever way shall be most profitable and least dangerous to themselves. And I make no doubt that we should have had Mr. Silliman Clavers firing off speeches in Trafalgar Square (thrown open for the occasion by our obliging Home-Secretary), with Mrs. Sequin posing in true Revolutionary fashion as the Great Goddess herself, but for this timely collapse of the case. Let so much, therefore, be set down to the credit of the repentant sinner; he will need it, every jot.

It would be sheer waste of time to discuss the question how far these works in their original shape, whatever their moral offence may be, are yet a power in literature (so runs the cant) to be seriously reckoned with

and allowed for. In the first place, this argument can obviously have no application in any country but that over whose literature the power is exercised: in the second, whatever weight it has can only bear upon professed students and historians of literature who are forced by the purpose of their studies to examine original documents of all kinds. But ask any decent Frenchman who is free to speak his mind (and has one to speak) what he thinks of this vaunted power in his country's literature,—of these monstrosities of fiction, as they have been well named by one of his countrymen who amply fulfilled both the aforesaid qualifications for speaking. Just as loathsome humours and eruptions will always gain power over an unhealthy body too feeble to throw them off, so will these monstrosities show themselves in the literature of a weak and corrupt nation. The ape and tiger are never far from human haunts. It is to me indeed amazing how any one capable of understanding the meaning of the words can give even the name of literature to this nauseous stuff, so utterly false is it in art as in ethics. Yet there are writers in our own language, very delicate and well-behaved writers, who, while expressing the most pious and, I am sure, most genuine horror at what they are pleased to call the indiscretions of this school, have yet hardly words enough for their admiration of, what they are also pleased to call, its method, its force, insight, knowledge of humanity, and indeed of all its high literary and intellectual qualities. The only explanation I have been able to find for this singular attitude lies in that curiosity which some well-nurtured and entirely irreproachable gentlewomen are apt to show concerning the dress, equipage, furniture, and professional equipment generally of those members of their sex whom the newspapers of an earlier day were used to call dashing Cyprians.

I have however noticed one curious fact, which seems to suggest that the

upholders of this "power" are not so sure of their cause as they would have us believe. I have noticed that no two of them seem agreed as to its particular claim on their allegiance. One considers it to lie in the extraordinarily vivid reproduction of the real facts of human life: another denies that it gives us the real facts at all, but praises the wonderful power which can thus impart the very form and pressure of reality to what are truly but the things of the imagination: a third believes that only in this "stern and terrible realism" does literary salvation lie, now that all the materials and methods of the older men are worn threadbare: a fourth denies that the author of "*Nana*" and "*La Terre*" is a realist at all—he is this, that, and everything else that is marvellous and sublime, but a realist,—no! And this last critic has indeed blundered into something not unlike the truth. For who are the realists? They are Homer, and Shakespeare, and Walter Scott,—they are, in a word, all the great creators who have dealt with the essential facts of human nature and life; and in such company there is no room for this clumsy Frenchman with his muck-rake and pig-pail.

But to our point. I said just now that the plea of importance for this style of writing could, if allowed at all (and I for one am by no means inclined to let it go unreservedly), be allowed only for its recognition by professed students and historians of literature, who must necessarily concern themselves with every expression of the human mind, just as the student of medicine must necessarily concern himself with every condition of the human body. But what is it Shelley says?

"One word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it."

I should like to be a little more certain of the constitution and functions of the student before admitting all the claims made on his behalf. His ample

gown might very easily be made to cover offences suspiciously like those which have just been so righteously punished. They bore their name and purpose on their face in letters a child might read; but the more insidious approaches made under the ægis of Learning are less easy to detect,—at any rate, less easy to deal with.

It is, you may perhaps have noticed, a common practice of the reviewer to dismiss a book of whose purpose he is a little doubtful with the remark that it cannot fail to be extremely useful to the student. 'Tis a phrase which, if honestly applied, must give any book a claim on our regard. But the propriety of its application to a translation has always seemed to me somewhat doubtful. Surely the student of any literature can only be he who studies it in the original documents. If everybody who reads a translation is therefore a student of the language from which the translation is made, what a nest of these rare birds our universities and public schools must be. Mr. Routh's laboratory for the production of Senior Wranglers will sink to a mere retail business before the wholesale manufactory of students established by the ingenious Mr. Bohn! I remember hearing Macaulay once laughingly define a scholar as one who read Plato with his feet on the fender: a man may read an English translation of Plato with his feet in Yankee-fashion on the chimney-piece, but that will hardly make him a student of Greek literature. Colonel Newcome was wont to reflect with some complacency that he had read those great historians Caesar and Tacitus with translations, but I am sure that good and modest gentleman would never on that account have claimed the high name of student. This is an age of short cuts to knowledge. It has been decided by those who are set in authority over us that a little learning is not a dangerous thing, but, on the contrary, of all things most desirable, blessing both him that takes and him that gives.

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With this decision it is no business of mine to quarrel, who, happily for me, was born in days when the deepest-dipping human eye might hardly have descried in the future any one of those hundred and odd devices for making Strasburg geese of our boys and girls, and of the latter indeed something, I fear, much worse, if the promoters of the mischievous folly known as the Higher Education are to have their unchecked way. My long day's work is done—would that there were more to show for it!—and I may say with the poet:

"Wild words wander here and there:  
God's great gift of speech abused  
Makes my memory confused:  
But let them rave".

Only it seems to me just possible that some of the forms this raving takes may lead us into trouble.

There is no lack of illustrations to make my meaning clear,—for I would not be misapprehended again. Of these new Arabian Nights it were pure farce to speak; let us rather take this new translation of Benvenuto Cellini's famous autobiography. You have read the amusing rascal, of course, and read him, as all of us who have no Italian have been well content for the last sixty years to read, in Roscoe's version. But it seems now that you and I and all of us have been living in a fool's paradise, and that Roscoe is but a one-eyed king of blind subjects. A new interpreter has arisen who knows not Roscoe, or rather knows him too well. Certainly no one will dispute the gentleman's qualification for what he has so aptly styled a labour of love: on many a printed page he has proved his acquaintance with the literature and manners of the Italy of the Renaissance to be as extensive as it is peculiar. He brings grave charges against his predecessor, whose work, he vows, is little to be relied on; to be, in short and in so many words, grossly inaccurate. Nor is this the worst. This unworthy scion of the historian of the great Lorenzo, and his scarce less illustrious son, has dared to deal unscrupulously

with important passages, to omit or to misrepresent whatever his prudish taste deemed unfit for ears polite. Now beyond all question it is the business of a translator to be as accurate as he can be. For my part I have no great passion for that slavish fidelity which plods wearily on a writer's track, word by word and line by line. Such photographer's work is very well for that class of students to whom the volumes of Mr. Bohn's classical library are a care; but for others who wish for some insight into the spirit and manner of their author this sort of translating is but vanity. However, there is no need to begin a discussion on this tremendous question, which never has been and never will be settled: let it be enough that all will cordially acquiesce in the plea that it is no superfluous task to supersede a grossly inaccurate translation.

But one or two things have first to be considered. These important passages which have been so unscrupulously dealt with, what of them? Every new editor of an old book, every re-writer of history, is apt, we know well, to overrate a little the value of his discoveries. To set a date right by a few days, or even by a few hours; to find that a man, who had been represented as disfigured with stooping shoulders and an inflamed face, has not been duly credited with a beautiful Roman nose; or that another man, who had been supposed to have killed himself by his intemperate habits, had in truth died of a chill caught from lying in the gutter through a winter's night while in a state of merely casual intoxication,—these discoveries, and others like them, have before now been held reason good for many a book, by its writer. It is indeed astonishing what a number of my Lord Grig's descendants are about to-day; what a number of worthy souls, ay, and able souls, too, have been led by this passion of the palimpsest, as it may be called, into that strange confusion, so common to critics, and to historical critics especially, of mistaking for errors of fact

what are in reality but differences of opinion.

It is clear that our new translator has some qualms. He does indeed begin by boldly taking his stand on the convenient old theory that if a book be worth translating at all it should be set forth in full, and for his own part declines to defraud his English readers of any insight into Italian society in the sixteenth century, or into the character of the amiable hero whom he has taken under his protection. Nevertheless, he feels himself obliged to admit that Roscoe might plead for his unscrupulousness the offensive and unedifying nature of these important passages, and that some critics at least might admit the plea.

They might, indeed! Unedifying and offensive in the last degree these passages are, and important only to those who, in Matthew Arnold's delicate euphemism, wish to have their senses troubled; indeed, as this very candid gentleman owns that the most unedifying of these passages (of which his scrupulousness has not apparently suffered him to omit a single detail) is not fit to be set before a respectable English public, one is almost forced to the conclusion that he has preferred for his audience a public frankly disrespectful, and has in fact been more solicitous to unravel Cellini's character than to preserve his own. But in truth Cellini's character has very little to do with it. No one will be simple enough to believe that a man can write enough about himself to fill from four to five hundred closely printed pages without making his character tolerably clear to all with eyes to see. Take the case of old Samuel Pepys. It is sufficiently well known that there are passages in his Diary which it would be impossible to print without making that delightful book fit only to be burnt by the common hangman. Yet will any one say that our knowledge of Pepys's character and of the society he lived in must be inadequate while these passages are suffered to languish in

the obscurity of their original cypher! This enfranchisement of the translator has only added some half-dozen pages at most to the very fair allowance Roscoe has already given us; and it is not, I think, too much to say that for every one of Roscoe's readers at all conversant with the class of man whom this splendid swash-buckler typifies in its most outrageous form, or with the society which could make such a man possible, every line of these pages is superfluous. It is not true to say that Roscoe has misrepresented passages, except in the sense that a well-behaved newspaper may be held to have misrepresented a police-case which it dismisses with the significant comment that its details are unfit for publication. He must be a strangely innocent or a strangely ignorant reader who cannot perceive that there is that within these memoirs which passeth show, at least in the opinion of those who (as that excellent saying goes) have the misfortune of good manners to contend against. It is the especial merit of this old version that, while preserving in all essential particulars the spirit of the man and of his time, it refrains from thrusting on unwilling readers those occasional excesses of a bestial nature which bear the same proportion to the real value and purpose of such a book, as the number of pipes smoked by Addison's Retired Citizen, or the proportion of plums to suet in his pudding, bears to a study of English manners in the reign of Queen Anne. Roscoe has, in a word, made it abundantly clear to every intelligent reader what manner of man this topping goldsmith was; a man exhibiting the characteristics of his age both for good and bad, but at moments exhibiting the latter in a degree which even outraged the most vicious society the modern world has seen, though it was possibly his inconvenience as a citizen which impressed men's minds more than his offences against the general code of human morals. To talk of such a man as representative of his age is as absurd

as it would be to talk of Nero as representative of his age; to plead that only by recording every word that such a man spoke and every act he did can the Italy of the sixteenth century be properly judged is as absurd as it would be to plead that only by publishing the full details of the orgie held by Buckhurst and Sedley at the Cock in Bow Street, for which they were pelted by the mob and punished by the law, can the England of the seventeenth century be properly judged. In short, the only result this new translation will have achieved, should it succeed in setting aside the older version, will be to have rendered one of the most entertaining works of its kind ever written, a work which has been justly called as amusing as any novel, unfit (to use the translator's own words) for a respectable English public. And this achievement will, I submit, have been somewhat dearly purchased by the removal of such gross inaccuracies as the use of the word *knapack* for *apron*, or of the phrase *the figure would have come out admirably for the figure would have come out to perfection*.

The intentions with which this translation has been prepared may be, for aught we can tell, the purest and most exalted possible. No man can pluck the heart out from the mystery of his brother's motive: the feeling which kept little Mr. Moss (of Gandish's) from his sick friend's bedside, though misconstrued by his ribald fellow-students, was in reality most creditable to that ingenuous youth's tact and good-nature. But when I see such a work praised for its inestimable value to the student, I can but ask to the student of what? And when the answer comes, to the student of the literature and manners of Italy in the sixteenth century, again I can but ask if that student may not better serve his own purpose, as assuredly he will better serve all the purposes of literature, whether Italian or English, by prosecuting his studies at the fountain-head, and leaving to those simple



souls who, claiming neither the title nor the privileges of the student, need not therefore undergo his penance, the pleasure of reading an entertaining book without being disgusted by a sort of learning for which they have no taste and which it is not necessary for them to acquire. This fountain-head is no curious nor remote spring. There is more than one copy existent of Cellini's memoirs in their native tongue, and original documents illustrative of the time in its most inconvenient phases are neither scarce nor hard to be come at.

But without prying into individual motives or examining particular books, it is clear that there is a disposition abroad to push the liberty of the printing-press into something very like anarchy. I do not attribute this to any general decadence of national morality or impatience of those principles which are the foundation of every civilized and prosperous community, so much as to a sort of monkeyish malice on the part of a small but noisy minority which delights in opposing every form of law or custom. The manifestations of this malice are as various and as eccentric as its motives are simple, and may be found more or less disguised in almost every field of human activity. A year ago for instance it was to be found very plentifully in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square: the House of Commons furnishes examples every day almost during its session; and the skilled eye may detect it in that last freak of æsthetic communism known as the Works and Wiles Exhibition. No one, of course, looks for any reason in these sallies, but the exquisite sample of unreason furnished by a comparison of the prospectus of this exhibition with its catalogue must be surely unique. For my part, I am not disposed to take this minority very seriously. My confidence does indeed, I regret to say, grow daily less in those qualities which Burke has attributed to our nation, "the ancient and inbred piety, integrity, good-nature, and good-humour"

of the English people; but I still have some faith in that sense of the ridiculous which has so often saved us in our need, and the lack of which has, for all their wit, so often led both Frenchmen and Irishmen into such deplorable outbreaks. How curious it is,—and I do not remember to have seen any explanation attempted in all the voluminous literature inspired by the sufferings or the sins of Ireland—how curious it is that a people gifted with such an exquisite sense of fun and with so keen an eye for the ridiculous in others should be so absolutely blind to it in themselves. Of all the puzzling problems offered for our solution by the Irish race, surely this is the most puzzling. And in good truth it must be owned that my own dear countrymen are not quite so clear of this reproach as their best friends could wish. Whoever is in the habit of studying the life of the time as reflected in that mirror held daily up to Nature by our able editors cannot but confess that the antic-monger and the professional posturer are not without their patrons among the sober Saxons.

These are some of the penalties we have to pay for our reformed England, some of the follies (to spare them the harsher name) committed in the name of Liberty. The tendency of all democracies, the most selfish and corrupt form of government devised by man, is to merge the State in the Individual: every man for himself and the devil take your neighbour is the true democrat's motto. 'Tis the same with literature. That want of checks, which Matthew Arnold seemed to think might have been supplied by an institution like the French Academy, though that has hardly now perhaps the saving influence on its country's taste that was at one time its pride, has no doubt always made its mark on our literature, and made it in many ways for good. But in other days this want was filled by a certain respect paid to the acknowledged powers of the pen both by the

rank and file of its practitioners and by the general public. Literature then was in the main regarded as a great and serious art not to be lightly treated by ignorant or profaned by unworthy hands. I do not say that all these powers stood on a very lofty eminence, or that all deserved to stand even where they did; but the fact that there was a certain recognized standard, and certain recognized adjusters and guardians of that standard, undoubtedly exercised an influence for good. No such influence is exercised now, when it may be said indeed that chaos is come again. Recalling certain baleful experiences in the past I hesitate to suggest that this may partly arise from the absence of any power or powers of sufficient weight to exert the needful authority. And in truth it comes from such a variety of causes that it were hardly possible to select any one as capital. For one, it comes from the fact that literature is now no more than a trade, a business, having only this advantage over other trades that it is considered to need neither special qualifications nor special training. Everyone therefore may enter on this business and practice in it according to his inclination and ability. It has the largest market in the world: every trader can find room in it for his stall, and no stall need lack customers. In short, as the poet reflected on overhearing the midnight conversation of the two speculators in the lonely Haymarket, "Never a beggar need now despair, and every rogue has a chance". Nor is this market governed by any laws such as regulate the great commercial markets of the world, and over which the votaries of that engaging pastime known as political economy wrangle with such unswerving unanimity; nor need any intruder fear a broken hat or head such as I am credibly informed await the rash stranger who dares to set an unlicensed foot within the sacred circle of the Stock-Exchange. Even the universal principle of demand and

supply takes a form of its own in this market, for no man can tell whether the demand creates the supply or the supply creates the demand.

In such a market it is easy to understand how keen must be the competition and unwearying the search for new wares, and how, as I have heard is not seldom the case in other trades, the rashness of the speculator increases as his capital shrinks. I read the other day an extract from some criticism passed on your new story-teller, Mr. Peregrine Walker, to the effect that the taste for rioting in gashes and gore did in truth but prove a lack of the imaginative faculty. Of the truth of the accusation as against Mr. Walker I am no judge, but the explanation is certainly true. All appeals to the coarser tastes of mankind show a lack of imagination: excess of any kind may be said to show it,—the barren or clumsy artist, like Timon, knows not the middle of humanity, but the extremity of both ends; but excess of no kind shows it more than the violent means resorted to in these days to gratify that class of readers who wish to have their senses troubled. A demand for this sort of gratification is never wanting, though we have not yet quite come to openly advertising for it, and nothing in the world is easier than to satisfy it. A glimpse at the quality of the supplies sold in the French market is quite enough to prove this, if proof be needed: like the inventors of a famous American nostrum, the purveyors of these goods might boast that they "don't go fooling about, but attend strictly to business". With ourselves the case is as yet a little different. Whether it be, that, despite their bluster, our champions of liberty have in their hearts a wholesome respect for the law, or only that their tentative hands have not yet taken the true dyers' tint, may be doubtful, but certain it is that our original manufacturers have as yet produced no great thing this way. They content themselves for the most part with deploring the

unreasonable restrictions imposed on English literature by the unmanly timidity of English morals, and by the presence in our circulating libraries and bookshops of the British Matron and her unhappy daughter, generally alluded to by the contemptuous style of the Young Person, and with generally assuming the pathetic situation of the cat in the adage. For myself I am, as you know, no great admirer of this eruption of the Woman in our public concerns, but if her presence has in any way contributed to impose silence on these rash spirits I take off my hat to her with a sense of respect such as I have hitherto found it impossible to entertain. As a matter of fact, however, I do not believe that either the British Matron or the Young Person has anything in the world to do with it; least of all the Woman aforesaid, who commonly essays to justify her existence by a freedom of discussion which even her ignorance of the subjects discussed can only partly excuse. These disappointed enfranchisers of English literature are the very last persons, I fear, to hold their hands out of respect for the scruples of any man, woman, or child in Christendom. The affectation of it of course enables them to wear their crown of martyrdom with a better grace; but the plain truth I suspect to be that they are conscious that there is still a law in England, and that there are still a few honest men left to see that this law shall be no dead letter.

But crude and hesitating as our original manufacturers are, this age of revivals has unearthed or recalled much that can still be made effectual in the service of the Great Goddess. The translator, the editor, and the commentator, can fill, and fill not inadequately, the place of the creator. *Sinon philosophe*, said a French critic of Carlyle, *du moins un accoucheur d'esprits*; and the same distinction would hold not inaptly of those Englishmen who follow, after the creeping fashion of their race, the triumphant

progress of their great French masters. And herein lies the difficulty. With any direct violation of a certainly not puritanical law it is easy to deal, for all the chattering of the monkeys of misrule; but when these violations seek to shelter themselves under the sacred name of knowledge the course of duty is not so clear. It is not always easy to determine the validity of the plea or the honesty of the pleader. Too much zeal might be as fatal to literature as too much laxity; the Puritans wrought harm enough in their generation in all conscience, and we want no young Edward again to set our libraries in order for us. There are of course many works which deserve from their literary or historical importance to be printed, edited, and published with the best aids that modern learning and research can supply, but which nevertheless it would be highly inconvenient to put in general and easy circulation. There is nothing, for example, to be said against a complete and literal edition of our old dramatists, except that it must entail on the conscientious editor a great deal of tedious and disgusting labour. They play an important part in the history of English literature, even where their artistic importance is least, and it is imperative for the student of that history to be acquainted with them. But that is a very different matter from publishing an edition of these writers which, by cheap prices and the significant promise of an unexpurgated text, shall attract precisely the reader who is least able to appreciate the better part of them and most curious to examine the worst. It may, as I have said, be difficult for the law to interfere in cases such as this, for many reasons; it is, then, the more incumbent for those men whose names give weight to a book, and who may therefore be considered as responsible for the stability and good condition of the literary state, to be careful how they lend their countenance to any scheme likely to corrupt that condition and shake that

stability. And it is certain that there is a sort of agitators abroad who would be glad to see the intellectual mind of the State falling into the same confusion and discredit which threaten to dismember the body politic, and from the same motive, that in the general chaos the fool shall be equal with the wise man, and the weak with the strong. Remember the warning of Shakespeare's Ulysses :

“ O, when degree is shaken,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
Then enterprise is sick ! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows ! Each thing  
meets  
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the  
shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe :  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father  
dead :  
Force should be right ; or rather, right and  
wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice  
too.  
Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite ;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself.”

I have dwelt, my dear George, perhaps at too great length on a subject which, though unquestionably one of the gravest importance to all who believe in the high aims and beneficent purpose of literature, may be to many tiresome and can be agreeable to none ; at such length, at any rate, as to preclude me for the present from any consideration of that other fallacy I have spoken of. For that, then, you must wait another letter, which will prove, I hope, more entertaining and, I can promise, less disagreeable.

## SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION AND POLITICS.

HOMER and, setting aside the Sonnets, Shakespeare are the most impersonal as well as the greatest of poets, and the impersonality of each of them has received a curious attestation. The existence of an individual Homer has been actually denied: it has been discovered, as the boy said in the examination, that Homer's poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. Shakespeare's plays are being ascribed to Bacon. Bacon, to his work as a politician, a courtier, Lord Chancellor, a renovator of science, a writer on morals, politics, and jurisprudence, adding, in a not very long life, the composition of all these dramas! Bacon creating Falstaff! "Romeo and Juliet" written by a man who in his "Essay on Love" treats the passion as little better than a nuisance and an impediment to important action. Did Bacon write the Sonnets? Did Bacon write "Venus and Adonis"? Who was his partner in the composition of the plays of mixed authorship, such as "Henry the Sixth"? Yet this is hardly a more rank absurdity than the denial of Homer's personality, or even the denial of the identical authorship of the two poems. Besides the other proofs of identity, which have been conclusively presented, the "Odyssey" as well as the "Iliad" is the work of one whose peculiar and almost unique tendency it was to take a small segment of a story and treat it with extraordinary fulness of detail, in marked contrast to the manner of Cyclops, who began their lay of Troy with Leda's egg. The chances are surely incalculable against the existence of two such artists at the same time.

The most impersonal of writers, however, is human; he lives in the environment of his age, and he can hardly help now and then showing himself in a negative or indirect, if

not in a positive, way. Homer shows himself in the passage in which Thersites impeaches the chiefs in a popular harangue, and receives the meed of his sedition from the leading-staff of Ulysses. Evidently this is a scene not of the camp, but of the political assembly. The day of democracy has dawned. The demagogue has arisen and begun to attack the princes and the aristocracy. Homer is attached to the nobility, in whose halls he, like Demodocus, recites his lay, and to the heroic order of things, which the popular leader assails and which is probably passing away. He paints the demagogue foul without and within. He makes him be treated in the way in which the company to whom the poem was recited would have liked to treat the Thersites whom perhaps they had that morning encountered in the Agora. He makes the people, whose suffrages by this time aristocracy was compelled to court, sympathize with their ancient rulers and true benefactors against the upstart agitator who was trying to mislead them. Perhaps as he did this, he bitterly felt the difference between the fond fiction and the reality. He reveals himself as a counterpart in feeling of Walter Scott, who panted to cleave the "politic pate" of Cobbett with his yeomanry sabre. It has always seemed to me not unlikely that Homer bore towards the Homeric age a relation somewhat similar to that which Scott bore to the age of chivalry. Amidst his heroic slaughterings, his banquetings, in which the heroes devour whole sides of beef or pork, his prodigious single combats, his fabulous feats of strength, his battles of men with gods, peep out continually the features, social, agricultural, mechanical, and even strategical of a comparatively advanced civilization.



Again, we can hardly help thinking that Homer reveals himself when he makes Hector say in those ringing lines that he reckons nothing of birds of augury, fly they towards the east or towards the west, and that the best of all omens is to be fighting for one's country. This, compared with the levity with which the poet treats the popular deities, making them cuff and berate each other, making Zeus threaten Here with a flogging, making him challenge the whole Pantheon to a tugging-match, and exposing Ares and Aphrodite to derision as they lie in the toils of Vulcan, looks like the grey dawn of sceptical philosophy among the quick-witted population of some commercial city on the Ionian coast. If such a hypothesis brings the date of Homer down to a later period than four centuries before Herodotus, it is not the authority of Herodotus which need deter us from accepting that conclusion. Herodotus, though enchanting, is no authority at all, even for the times close to his own.<sup>1</sup>

Of Shakespeare, of course, it is unnecessary to say that he is thoroughly Elizabethan, "holds up the mirror to his time" and gives us "its very age and body, its form and pressure". There are in him scores of allusions to the fancies, fashions, and fripperies of his generation which we see: probably there are many more which we do not see. Something even of individual taste and feeling appears in the

often-repeated scoffs at the affectations of the fashionable language and in the preference for the older and simpler style of music.

"That old and antique song we heard last night  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected tunes  
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times".

Tragedy is of course the offspring and must bear the imprint of a tragic age, that is an age of grand actions, great crimes, and strongly marked character; of an age too in which life has not lost its outward stateliness and picturesqueness, in which royalty still wears its crown, and in which costume is general instead of being confined as it is now to the military profession. Calderon and Lope de Vega came at the end of a tragic age in Spain; so did Corneille and Racine in France, though the fierce spirit of the Fronde had donned the court dress of Versailles. The age, at the end of which Shakespeare came, that of the Wars of the Roses and the great Reformation struggle, was tragic indeed. The barbarism of a bloody time, a time of murderous civil war and countless deaths upon the scaffold, lingers in the hideous plot of "Titus Andronicus", in the butchery at the close of "Hamlet", and the general prodigality of murders and executions. In one respect Shakespeare does not reflect the Elizabethan era. While he gloriously abounds in its fresh and exuberant life there is not a trace in him of its peculiar heroism, of its maritime adventure, of its battles against Spain and the Armada. There are passages and divine passages about the sea and seafaring in general; there is nothing about enterprise such as that of Drake, Raleigh, and Cavendish, or about the world of wonders which it was opening. A voyage to the Bermudas, it is true, furnished the hint for Prospero's island, but the "Tempest" is a tale of enchantment, not of adventure. We seem here to see a limitation in the otherwise all-embracing mind. Under James, perhaps, if

<sup>1</sup> Does he not, after making the Persians lose about eight hundred ships by battles or in storms before they reached Salamis, tell us very deliberately that the strength of their fleet when they arrived there was nearly the same that it had originally been, pretending that this immense loss has been made up by the contingents of a few little islands? I do not presume to tilt against the philologists on their own ground; but I find it hard to believe that between the language of Homer and that of Herodotus there is a gap of four centuries and an ethnological revolution to boot, especially when I find in Herodotus such words as *ἑρεπαικίως* and *ἀλόκρατον*. As to the archaic topography it may be that of the ancient legend adopted by the later poet as his theme. Nobody supposes that the story of Troy was invented by Homer.

Shakespeare cared much for royal patronage, there might be a reason for not presenting a side of national character and a class of national achievements which being closely connected with Puritanism and the rising love of liberty would hardly be congenial to the Court.

What was Shakespeare's religion? He has, on the one hand, been claimed by Catholics as essentially Catholic. If we remember rightly, Cardinal Newman once said something to that effect. On the other hand, those who are sceptically disposed themselves have fancied that they saw in Shakespeare a profound though unproclaimed sceptic. The truth we believe to be that his drama was his religion. The detachment of Teutonic England from the Latin Church, from Papal supremacy and priestly sway, came in several instalments and was distributed over several centuries. The most pronounced and thoroughly religious instalment was the rising of Puritanism in the seventeenth century against the Anglican reaction. What we specially call the Reformation was rather the English Renaissance, for the change which then took place in the religious sphere under the worldly auspices of the Tudor princes and statesmen was more ecclesiastical than spiritual and more political than either. To the English Renaissance Shakespeare, with his fellow dramatists, belonged. He accepted the national church which his sovereign had provided for him, and the ancient hierarchy and ritual of which probably suited well enough his poetic nature. The church-bell is with him the characteristic sound of social life. "If ever you have been . . . where bells have knoll'd to church". It is not likely, however, that the theatrical world, the Bohemia of that day, was very assiduous in church-going. Nor does Shakespeare seem to have regarded with great reverence the parsons of the Tudor Church. He introduces two of them, Sir Hugh Evans in the "Merry Wives" and Sir Nathaniel in "Love's Labour's Lost", and both

characters are not only comic but farcical. They are even totally unecclesiastical. Sir Nathaniel plays a ridiculous part in an interlude, while Sir Hugh Evans goes out to fight a duel.

Nowhere perhaps does Shakespeare depart from his impersonal serenity and impartiality so much as in "All's Well That Ends Well" (I, 3), where he couples in a scoffing allusion "Young Charbon the Puritan" with "Old Poysam the Papist", and afterwards says, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart". Clearly the writer of this had no special sympathy either with young Charbon or old Poysam. We may conclude that he disliked anything sectarian or enthusiastic, and was contented with the social religion of his parish.

It is true that Shakespeare had no antipathy to the Ancient Church: probably in the absence of any strong doctrinal antagonism its antiquity, its ceremonial, its art would be grateful to his poetic sense. Where the scene of his play is in Roman Catholic times or countries he takes the religious environments and costume with the rest and introduces friars as ministers of good. This is hardly more significant than his introduction of the gods of Rome in "Julius Cæsar", or of weird heathenism in "King Lear", where it harmonizes with the character of the piece. That he had any latent hankering after Roman Catholicism, or that his heart was on the Papal side of the great quarrel between the nation and the Pope, it is impossible to believe in face of such lines as these:

"*King John*. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England

Add this much more,—that no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But, as we under heaven are supreme head,

So under Him that great supremacy  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :  
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart  
To him and his usurp'd authority.

*King Philip* : Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*King John*. Though you and all the kings  
of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy  
out ;

And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself ;  
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue  
cherish ;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the Pope, and count his friends my  
foes " .

Much with which the author himself does not agree may be written dramatically ; but there are things which even dramatically he who does not agree with them will not write. Any one who had the slightest leaning to the Papal side would have manifestly outraged his own feelings by penning these lines. The passage on Indulgences has a sting in it if anything in Shakespeare has. The exposure of the false miracles of healing at St. Albans (" Henry the Sixth," Part 2, ii. 1.) may be cited in the same connection, if the passage is by Shakespeare, as we believe that it is.

That there was a good deal of free-thinking among the English of the higher class we gather from Giordano Bruno, who visited England at this time and observed the state of opinion with pleasure. Bohemia was likely to have her full share of it and we know that Marlowe and Greene were reputed atheists. But in Shakespeare there is surely neither speculative belief nor speculative unbelief. In certain passages, such as the soliloquy of Hamlet, and the speech of Claudio in " Measure for Measure ", he speaks of the mysteries of life and death in a broad, natural, poetic manner, unlike that of an orthodox preacher, but also unlike that of a Giordano Bruno. Nobody surely would say that when he speaks of our life as " rounded by a

sleep " he means to insinuate a denial of the immortality of the soul. " I think nobly of the soul " is put into the mouth of Malvolio, but there is an emphatic ring in it, and Malvolio, though distraught with egotism, is not represented as otherwise contemptible. Shakespeare's theological deliverances or indications might not have passed the Spanish Inquisition, but they would beyond doubt have passed the English Privy Council, particularly if it had been presided over by Lord Burghley. It is difficult to produce specimens of an atmosphere ; but it will hardly be disputed that while we read Shakespeare it is in a religious atmosphere that we are moving, though the religion is not ecclesiastical like that of Calderon and Lope de Vega, but natural, social and poetic.

" There's not the smallest orb which thou  
behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim :

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;

But while this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it."

These lines, recited by the prisoner, would almost have saved him from the clutches of the Inquisition. In Æschylus, in Sophocles, in Euripides, more or less of the speculative tendency is discernible. Æschylus may in a certain sense be regarded as one of the fathers of Hellenic philosophy. He stands in somewhat the same relation to it in which an epic poet stands to history. The writer of the " Prometheus " must have had his searchings of heart about the popular theology. Not by mere accident did his theme find a continuator in Shelley. But the mental eye of Shakespeare was turned outward, not inward. In the Sonnets, though there is infinite subtlety in the expression of passion, there is nothing metaphysical.

On the other hand there is no trace of fanaticism. The treatment of Shylock expresses not hatred of the misbeliever but hatred of the extortioner. In the jibes at his religion there is no bitterness. The popular hatred of the extortioner Shakespeare evidently does

share, and it is idle to attempt to get the poet out of a supposed scrape by such desperate shifts as the pretence that the play is intended to expose the inhuman treatment of the Jews.

There is certainly not a tinge in Shakespeare of sympathy with Catholic asceticism. "Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale!" The Renaissance, as a revolt against asceticism, running sometimes with heathen sensuality, is pretty well reflected in his dramas, to say nothing of "Venus and Adonis". There is no use in pretending that the passages which the moral Bowdler strikes out are involuntary tributes to the taste of the audience at the Globe Theatre. Evidently Shakespeare delighted in these allusions as much as he did in puns, for which he has so extraordinary a predilection. Of course he does not descend to such ordure as that which we find in his meaner rivals and which stands in hideous juxtaposition to the pure scenes of the "Virgin Martyr". "Always he is Cæsar"! But the element is there, and we wish it were not there, let blind worshippers say what they will. The amount of it however is moderate for the Renaissance. Shakespeare's page, if it is not clean compared with that of Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, is clean indeed compared with the pages of Boccaccio. In England there was the same interregnum between the fall of the Catholic and the rise of the Protestant or modern morality that there was in other countries; but participation in a great struggle for national independence and for a European cause, together with the bracing influence of maritime adventure, preserved the manhood, and with the manhood the comparative purity of the nation.

Though Shakespeare is not free from impurity his ethics are perfectly sound. He never tries, like the Rousseauists, to produce an effect by tampering with the moral law or by exciting sympathy with interesting sinners. In rewarding the good and punishing the evildoer he is almost as strict as Dante, while he is incomparably more rational

and human than the monkish moralist who puts *Farinata*, *Francesca* and her lover in hell. *Cordelia* dies, it is true; nevertheless she receives her crown. In Bacon's writings there is a touch of Machiavelism, as there was more than a touch of it in his career. In the "Essay on Negotiating", for example, among other sly precepts he tells you that it is a good thing to deal in person rather than by letter, "where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound". But there is no trace of anything of the kind in Shakespeare, though he is not insensible of the pregnant fact that the boundary line between moral good and evil is less sharply defined than the common language of ethics implies.

"Virtue itself turns vile, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime's by action dignified".

In politics it is pretty clear that Shakespeare simply accepted the national monarchy as in religion he accepted the national Church. It would have been strange if his heart had not been with the Court. The Court was the friend of his calling: Puritanism, which was the soul of the rising opposition, was the enemy of his calling, though the writer of "Comus" tried to bring about a reconciliation between Protestant religion and dramatic art through a revival of the pure form of Attic tragedy. It was impossible that Shakespeare should be a legitimist, or in that sense an upholder of the divine right of kings, if he bore in mind the Tudor pedigree and the title of that dynasty to the throne; but he evidently was a hearty monarchist, and fully recognized the sacred character with which the monarchy had been invested by the union of ecclesiastical with political headship consequent on the rupture with the Papacy. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king" is put, it is true, into the mouth of a king whose hedge of divinity is afterwards traversed by his stepson's rapier amidst general sympathy and applause. So the monarch who says that "Not all the waters

from the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king", and that "the breath of worldly men cannot depose the deputy elected by the Lord", himself practically illustrates by his catastrophe the limitations of those doctrines. It may be said that both utterances are merely dramatic; but they have an emphatic sound, and what is more to the purpose, they harmonize with the general tenor of Shakespeare's plays in relation to this subject. In "King John" nothing is said about the Great Charter or the abuses of royal power which led the barons to extort it. We have the quarrel between John and the Pope about the appointment of Stephen Langton, in which our sympathies are demanded by the cause of the national sovereign. For the rebellion of the nobles, the "tempest" of which Pandulph "blows up" in the interest of the Church, no other reason is assigned than the supposed murder of Arthur. John is hardly presented as a tyrant, certainly not as the hateful tyrant that he was; and when French invasion comes national sentiment is awakened at once, and the hearts of an English audience are expected to be with the native king. Raleigh, in his "Prerogative of Parliaments", makes one of the personages in the dialogue say of the Great Charter that "it had first an obscure birth from usurpation, and was secondly fostered and showed to the world by rebellion". This was perhaps the esoteric doctrine of extreme courtiers. In general, the memory of the Great Charter seems to have slept during the Tudor reigns. Silence on the subject was evidently most advisable for Her Majesty's and still more for *His Majesty's* players; no doubt it was also most congenial to their feelings. A presentation of the scene of Runnymede at "The Globe" would very likely have been treated by the Privy Council as sedition.

The story of Henry the Eighth was rather a delicate subject for a dramatist who desired to please the Court. Shakespeare's native breadth of sym-

pathy and dramatic sense probably led him, without any help from the craft of Polonius, to the very treatment which was most politic and acceptable. He takes no part in the quarrel, and is dramatically just to all. Henry he presents simply as a majestic lord, which in a rather material sense the tyrant and uxoricide was. He makes the king state his own case, just as he actually did state it, without in any way raising the question of its moral validity. He glorifies, in a splendid vision of Elizabeth's greatness, the child of the Protestant queen. At the same time he evokes a full measure of sympathy for Catherine, and makes tender and respectful allusion to her daughter. Cranmer, the Archbishop of the Divorce and of the Reformation, receives in an uncontroversial way his fitting meed of honour. For the grand catastrophe of Wolsey's fall we are prepared by his pride, his worldliness, his treatment of Buckingham; but a magnificent eulogy is pronounced on him by the mouth of Griffith. Cromwell also is seen on his better side. Only against "the dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome" is anything like indignation pointed. This presentment would perfectly suit the taste of the Court, which, while it of course accepted the Divorce and the Reformation, would by no means wish to identify itself with the revolutionary aspect of the movement, or even be much gratified by anything insulting to Spain. The trade both of Elizabeth and James was kingship. The leaning of James towards Spain, as the head of the monarchical interest in Europe, was perfectly natural. Elizabeth would have leaned the same way if she had not been bound by her title and her circumstances to Protestantism, or even if the Pope and Philip the Second would have let her alone.

Two of the plays, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest", were evidently intended to be performed at weddings. They both present the same peculiarity of structure, each having a masque in it. The masque, rather show than drama, and



generally allegorical or mythological, like that in "The Tempest", was constantly performed by amateurs at weddings. Bacon provided a masque, entitled the Masque of Flowers, at Gray's Inn, in honour of the ill-starred marriage of Somerset with the divorced wife of Essex; and the upholders of the Baconian authorship of the plays will probably ascribe it to his modesty that he did not make use of one of his own dramatic productions on that occasion. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Elizabeth receives a divine though unhistorical compliment as the "Imperial Votress," who is proof against Cupid's shaft, and passes on in "maiden meditation, fancy free". We can hardly doubt that the queen was present when those lines were recited. But if she was, she can scarcely have failed to be touched by those other lines:

"Thrice blessed they that master so their blood

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthly happier is the rose distilled  
Than that which withering on the virgin  
thorn

Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness."

Whether there was anything in the tender relations of the very mature coquette which might lend point to such a hint at the time we cannot tell. It appears to be quite uncertain who Theseus and Hippolite were. That the play was performed at the marriage of the Earl of Derby at Greenwich in 1595 seems to be mere conjecture. Who Ferdinand and Miranda were is not doubtful. It appears from the manuscript of *Virtue* that "The Tempest" was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector at the beginning of the year 1613. Frederick had come over to receive his bride, the Princess who was the darling of all Protestant hearts. Ferdinand, then, was Frederick, and Miranda was Elizabeth. If James was present or read the play his imagination might possibly suggest an original of Prospero the prince duke, "for the liberal arts without a parallel". Perhaps it might

also suggest originals of the conspirators by whom Prospero had been dethroned, and even of Stephano and Trinculo, with their ludicrous dreams of state and their gross assassination plot. Probably James thought the meddling of the leaders of the Commons with affairs of state not less preposterous than the aspirations of Stephano.

"Let me live there ever;  
So rare a wondered father, and a wife,  
Make this place Paradise."

—these would be graceful and appropriate words of leave-taking in the mouth of the Prince Palatine.

The compliments paid by Shakespeare to Elizabeth and James, especially that paid to James in Cranmer's prophecy, are it must be owned pretty full-bodied. But they are redeemed from servility, and the air of personal adulation is taken off by the close association of the monarch's praises with the national glory and happiness. Bacon's flattery of James is personal. The advocates of the Baconian theory may here again find an addition, though of the slightest kind, to the difficulties of their theory.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the authorship of other parts of "Henry the Sixth" there can be none as to the authorship of the part about Jack Cade. No such blow, humorous or serious, has ever been dealt, or could have been dealt, to demagogism by any other hand. The picture suits the demagogue tyrant of Paris as well as it suited the demagogue tyrant of Kent. "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer", is satire as fresh and true to-day as when it was written. It fits perfectly as a caricature of what the Radical candidate now says to Hodge. Nor could any Labour Reformer or Workingmen's Candidate of our time well read without wincing:

"George. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.



*John.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

*George.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*George.* Nay, more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

*John.* True, and yet it is said—labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

*George.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand."

All due allowance being made for what is merely dramatic, we cannot help seeing that to Shakespeare a rabble, above all a political rabble, is an object of personal aversion. He has even a physical abhorrence of the populace, the expression of which sometimes strikes us as not only anti-popular but almost unfeeling.

"And then he (Antony) offered it (the crown) the third time; he (Cæsar) put it the third time by; and still as he refused it the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar."

The passage does not stand alone and it is rather wonderful how such language can have failed to offend the large portion of the audience at The Globe.

From Coriolanus we expect, as a matter of dramatic propriety, extravagant expressions of aristocrat contempt for the people. But the dramatist has certainly put his full force into these lines.

"[Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.] Hail, noble Marcius!

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues, That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

*1st Cil.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you

Where he would find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind; And call him noble that was now your hate,

Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places in the city You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?"

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" is one of those exalted and dispassionate personages through whom the dramatist moralizes as he does through the Chorus in the Greek drama. The Duke says:

"I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes:

Though it do well I do not relish well

Their loud applause and *aves* vehement,

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion

That does affect it."

Wherever any one is introduced or spoken of as courting popularity the same sentiment is reflected, while there is nothing on the democratic or popular side.

On the other hand, there is in Shakespeare no want of feeling for the sufferings of poverty or indifference to the inequalities of the human lot. He understands that there are people to whom the world and its law are not friends and who cannot be expected to be friends to the world and its law. There seems also to be a personal protest against the shedding of blood in unjust wars in "Hamlet" iv. 4.

"*Ham.* Goes it (the army) against the main of Poland, or for some frontier?"

*Captain.* Truly to speak, and with no addition, sir,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why then the Polack never will  
defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls and twenty  
thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw."

Carlyle has said of the description  
of the battle of Agincourt :

"That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things of its sort we anywhere have of Shakespeare's. The description of the two hosts; the worn-out, jaded English; the dread hour, big with destiny when the battle shall begin; and then that deathless valour; 'Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England!' There is a noble patriotism in it—far other than the 'indifference' you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakespeare. A true English heart breathes calm and strong through the whole business; not boisterous, protrusive; all the better for that. There is a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right stroke in him had it come to that."

There is the same ring through all that is Shakespeare's of the passages relating to the English wars in France. Evident it is that the poet's heart is thoroughly with the armies of the country. Perhaps his patriotism may be said to appear in a way not altogether pleasing or generous in his treatment of Joan of Arc. He is not above national prejudice in those passages. But it must be remembered that Joan owed her victories to the same belief, on the part of the English, in her witchcraft which brought her to the stake.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection, and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal  
kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their  
birth.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious  
siege  
Of wat'ry Neptune."

—those lines may not be among the best in Shakespeare, but there can be no doubt that the Englishman who wrote them loved England. The great poet of our nation was thoroughly national. In any conflict between patriotism and its opposite, patriotism beyond question has Shakespeare on its side.

Where not only is the form that of the drama but the genius of the poet is pre-eminently and almost miraculously dramatic, gleanings of personality must be scanty and uncertain. In these few pages the gleanings have been limited to the poet's religion and politics. Indications of the man's sentiments and tastes generally may no doubt be gathered by noting the special force with which a sentiment is expressed, whether it is repeated, and the character and position of the personage into whose mouth it is put. Shakespeare was not a total abstainer, if we are to accept the tradition that his death was caused by a fever brought on by a *sederunt* with a party of his old friends who had come down from town. But he seems to have had a strong sense of the evil of applying hot and rebellious liquor to the blood in youth, and a decided antipathy to the drinking customs of "Denmark." The pity for the sufferings of animals which produces Humane Societies is a sentiment of late growth, except in characters so peculiar as those of Anselm and Francis of Assisi. But we seem to find a strong touch of it in the piteous description of the calf, bound and "beaten when it strays" by the butcher who is bearing it off to the slaughter-house ("Henry the Sixth", Part 2, iii. 1), supposing those lines to be genuine. But this is a field which we do not attempt to enter here.

GOLDWIN SMITH.